WHEN THE EAST IS IN THE WEST

PACIFIC COAST SKETCHES

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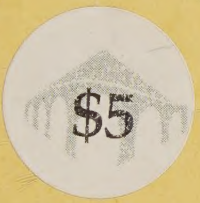

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When the East Is In the West

MAUDE W. MADDEN

When the East Is In the West

PACIFIC COAST SKETCHES

By
MAUDE WHITMORE MADDEN
Author of "The Land of the Cherry Blossoms," "Women of the Meiji Era," etc.

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To the Students
Past, Present and Future
of
Our Pacific Coast,—
Especially to those of the E. B. U.

OUR TASK

By twos or by fours
Our missionaries we send to foreign shores.
By thousands in alien bands
God sends us these souls from foreign lands.
Too slow we go —
God cannot longer wait —
Accept His CHALLENGE here —
We dare not longer hesitate!

FOREWORD

THE purpose of these stories is to state facts discovered personally while teaching oriental immigration problems in the Eugene Bible University, during a four years' residence on the Pacific Coast.

Some of these stories will not be pleasant reading to Americans, but since they reveal facts, may they also suggest ways of improving the situation.

Inter-racial marriages are very rare indeed—and no one need be anxious lest they increase; the only thought to consider is, shall they be Christian ones, or merely biological ones?

After all, the Japanese people are " just folks," and so are we, and " God made of one blood all the nations of the earth " and said, " Peace among men."

M. W. M.

OSAKA FU, JAPAN.

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MY ADOPTED COUNTRY

AMERICA! Land of my choice;
None other would I claim mine own.
All that I have, all that I am,
It shall be thine alone.

Behold my heart! Its very beat
Is for thy greater weal;
My head, my hands, and swift my feet
Shall wait on thee with zeal.

Whate'er to them be thy commands,
With joy shall be obeyed;
Nor any service shall I call
Too mean, nor yet too great.

I came to thy fair, smiling land,
Its gates wide open—yea!
And from thy bounty thou hast given
More than I can repay.

So use me as thou deemest best;
And, loyal to the end,
I shall with every drop of blood
Thy flag—my flag—defend!

—Willatz Johannsen, in the *Oakland Tribune*.

I

THE RED AUTOMOBILE

A Church Grasps Its Opportunity

THE First Christian Church stands on the border line between the Mexican, Portuguese, Oriental part of the great city and the American business section.

A year ago the fate that befell all First churches early established in growing cities hung over this church. Its substantial membership, mostly rich pioneers, had built palatial homes in the outlying suburbs and complained frequently and bitterly of the shabby old church "down by the Dagoes." So tense had the strain become that, one Sunday, following a previous announcement, Rev. Mr. Brown said: "Friends, the time has come when this congregation must decide whether it will remain here contentedly to worship, or whether this property must be sold and a new, modern church building erected in one of our beautiful and fashionable suburbs. But before you vote, using the cards you will find in the pew-racks, I want to say a few words straight from my heart.

"For five years, annually, you have given one thousand dollars supporting a missionary in China. That missionary and his family live daily—nightly—all the time, right among just such people as now live near our church to-day. If it is right for our missionary,

not we, at least leave our building right here and some of us remain with it and become foreign missionaries at home? It seems to me this is our obvious duty. As for our suburban brethren, if they weary of motoring down here once or twice a week—there is great wealth among them—I say this kindly—why may they not build a beautiful new church near their homes? There may be need of such a church in the suburbs. Personally, brethren, I hope we will all remain together, in this old church home of sacred memories—or build on this same spot."

Upon motion of one of the elders, the question was laid on the table for a week's consideration by the members.

Weary from the day's labours, Rev. Mr. Brown was reading in his study. Mrs. Brown had just gone to the kitchen with the empty tray of their usual after-church lunch, when the doorbell rang. "Who can that be this time o' night, it is ten o'clock?" he thought as he went to the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Brown, pardon me, you are Mr. Brown?" greeted a Japanese man in orientalized accent.

"I am searching a good man, I can trust, I have a very great trouble. Some man said, 'Go Mr. Brown, he helps you,' so I come."

"Come in, come in," and Mr. Brown, shaking hands heartily, welcomed him into the study.

"Come in, what is your trouble? I will help you if I can. Sit down."

"You see, I must have American man's help. But first allow me—here is my card."

Ichiya, the Son of Capt. Sugano, Osaka, Japan

Mr. Brown took the card, which was printed in Japanese and in English, and read "George T. Masuda," and a business address.

"You see," began Mr. Masuda again, sitting down, "there is a Japanese woman working in Oriental Pool Hall who has great danger of her life. I think only American man can rescue her, with my help, and my friend——"

"Please may I ask my wife to come in, we may need a woman's advice also, Mr. Masuda," interrupted Mr. Brown.

"Yes, certainly, please call her," the Japanese replied.

Mrs. Brown, returning from the kitchen had overheard part of the conversation, now stepped through the portieres separating the dining room from the study.

"Now proceed, Mr. Masuda," invited Mr. Brown after the introduction and a word of explanation.

"Yes, I must hurry, we may be too late," looking at his watch. "It is already half-past ten."

Then he continued, "You know my people have a custom of picture brides? This woman's name is Sadako. Nearly two years ago she came to this country as a picture bride. Her elder sister had come some years before. She was a picture bride, too. She married a man, yes, a Japanese (in answer to something in Mr. Brown's eyes) who keeps a bad place here. He is very rich. These girls were of good family in Japan, and would despise such business there, but elder sister was charmed by beautiful dresses, jewels, automobiles and wine suppers her husband's money provided. Anyway a Japanese

wife must obey husband, no matter what next. Soon she became all he wished in his business. In her letters back to home she sent many checks and presents to her mother and sister. She never told of the business, only the pleasure and wealth. About two years ago this husband's dissolute partner said, 'Tom, get me a wife, a pretty young girl, fresh from Japan.'"

"How would my wife's young sister do?" said Tom.

"Just the one, how much money do you want for the trousseau and travel, and a present for the 'old woman'——"

"And a go-between's fee for me!" laughed the rascal. "Oh! I guess two thousand might do—though I'm working cheap at that. I'll bring the girl's picture down to-night. Got one of yours handy to send across the water?"

"Nothing new, here's one taken some time ago—send it, she'll not know the difference. I was some swell then, eh, Tom?"

They were having a smoke together in Tanaka's room at Hotel Japonica, just like American men—you see, they often told it as a joke on poor Sadako, so she told me all about it.

"So, Mr. Brown, Sadako, knowing nothing of the evil, but having a younger sister's faith in her elder sister, who wrote the letters, gleefully came over to this country. We three met her at the steamer. To the American officer, Tanaka, showing the photographs, claimed her as his wife. Her stay in quarantine on Angel Island was brief—they had plenty money. So next day in Buddhist temple they had

some ceremony for a wedding—imitation of Christian, you know. In my country there is no wedding in Buddhist religion. But here priest and people, a great party, had big wine feast. Now they expected Sadako to take up the wild life with the three of them. Sadako is beautiful lady, Mrs. Brown, it is great pity for her to meet such life in foreign land, I think."

"Yes, or any land," murmured Mrs. Brown.

"One night, some weeks ago, my friend and I wandered into Oriental Pool Hall. We not often go there—we like some other place," smiling. This night we took cues and played a bit. Then we went to the counter for the drinks and cigarettes; that was first time for me to see Sadako.

"As we were going out we both said, 'Gee, who is that pretty girl?' 'Oh, she's old Tanaka's wife,' grunted an idler, hearing us. 'Pretty enough, but she's no good here; he's trying to break her in to the business. What's the use of hanging to a stubborn thing like her. Plenty easy ones, I say.'

"Well I couldn't forget her, she looked so sad at us, and I wondered why was she stubborn? So I went again the next night to the pool hall, and many times after that. Finally I chatted a little with her. One night when I bought cigarettes she said, 'I wish you to alone come at noon. I have a trouble I must tell you.'"

"'To-morrow,' I said, walking away pretending unconcerned. The next noon we were there alone. She told me what I told you, only more. 'My husband and others try every cruel way to force me into the bad,' she said. 'He beats me or pulls my

hair. He gives me no food three days; in many ways there is the insult. I fight like demon, with teeth and hands and feet, but I am growing weak by the fighting. I am afraid to eat or drink. The sleeping drug may be there; if I sleep just one minute I am lost. I tell you because you been gentleman. I trust you; can you help me get away?'

"Mr. Brown, that was three days ago. I told my friend; we have been thinking, thinking, but no plan comes. We know not the American law. We are not afraid for our lives, but if we get killed; we will so get if we try by ourselves alone to get her away, then who will save her? To-day my friend went alone at noon; she gave him this letter for me. It is in Japanese, but I translate for you."

With trembling hands George drew the soft, creamy mulberry paper from its long, pink, Japanese envelope. As he nervously unfolded it a faint sweet perfume like the ghost of cherry blossoms breathed from it. The beautiful brush writing in the five vertical lines seemed pictures of thoughts trailing off into dreams. The pastor and his wife leaned forward in their chairs; Mrs. Brown's eyes were full of unshed tears. The clock ticked so loudly on the mantle, Mr. Brown half started up to stop it; without even noticing the hour it marked.

"On the envelope it says, 'Do not open for two days more,' resumed Mr. Masuda. When my friend read that, 'smelling trouble,' he ran to find me.

"'Read it quick, George, we may be too late.'

"The letter says, 'When you read this, my friend, I shall be in the land of ghosts. It is more honourable to use the short dirk than to lose one's virtue.

Thanks to you and friend for kindness to very unhappy woman. Sayonara. Sadako.'"

He folded the letter reverently into the envelope and replaced it in his pocket. Mr. Brown sighed; Mrs. Brown sobbed.

"What shall we do, quickly?" asked the broken voice of the Japanese.

The pastor looked again at the clock; what possessed it to-night to tick so loud! It was just midnight.

George looked also and sighed, "It is too late tonight, they will have her out in the red automobile party until three o'clock; that is the usual program; but after that, Mr. Brown, she will be in the Pool Hall. I will go now. I will be ready when you 'phone me."

"Wait a minute; let us pray. You are a Christian, Mr. Masuda?"

"No," said the Japanese, "I have not heard the doctrine, but prayer is always good, no matter by what name the God is called."

Soon after six o'clock that Monday morning the Oriental Pool Hall was quietly entered by a brawny policeman and three men in citizens' clothes. One was a Japanese; two had stars on their vests. In an automobile at the door waited George's friend and Mrs. Brown. Soon the big policeman came out carrying a Japanese woman in her pink kimono. The veil of her long black hair waved over his arm, almost hindering his feet. Her head hung heavy; her face looked dead. Still holding her fast he lumbered into the car. Mrs. Brown applied first aid. The machine moved just as the other men leaped to

the running board and climbed in. One man's arm hung limp; George's forehead was bleeding. The policeman laid the woman in Mrs. Brown's lap, while he used his handkerchief to staunch the blood oozing near his ear. With such an effort was Sadako saved for awhile.

"What shall we do with her, if our plan succeeds?" Mrs. Brown had asked her husband, as they retired, after Masuda had left them at midnight.

"Where will she be safe?"

"Can't we keep her here?" he enquired.

"But our own girls, Papa; can we bring a woman like that here with our little girls?"

"Didn't Masuda say she is a good woman? Seems to me her example of courage wouldn't be bad for any girl."

With a man's confidence that *he* had settled it, Mr. Brown went to sleep. Not so his wife. The excitement of the story; the risk of the adventure; the problem of the girl's keeping; the care for her own pure little girls (Mary was only ten and Margery just six, so precious to the tender mother's heart)—such thoughts all drove sleep from the minister's wife. After the town clock struck four, by a sort of self-hypnotism, she at last compelled a fitful repose.

For a long time Mrs. Brown had needed help in her home; needed some one to care for the little girls while she attended to the church work always incumbent upon the minister's wife. Unsuccessfully she had tried out one German and two American girls. She had heard Japanese maids highly praised;

but to take a woman from a pool hall—minister's wife though she was, her soul rebelled. All the way to the pool hall, all the way home, all the next day, the good woman argued with herself.

"Poor girl, I must shield her; there is nowhere else—Jesus would do it; but Mary and Margery, what will she teach them? Oh, why did this hard thing come to me?"

Wednesday morning, when passing the sewing room's open door, Margery called, "Oh, Mama, see what a beautiful dress Sadako made my dolly! Mama, Sadako's awful nice, make her stay with us!" And Mary, wise beyond her years, added, "We need her, Mama, she can do so many things and she is patient and kind with us. We want her to stay." The mother smiled.

In the evening of that day a big red automobile came bowling up to the curb; a richly dressed Japanese woman came to the door. When Mrs. Brown opened it, she asked very politely if she could see Sadako, whom she understood was with Mrs. Brown. "I am Sadako's sister," she explained, as she came into the parlour, "I cannot have her here troubling you. I have come to take her home."

Sadako now came into the room. She stood close to Mrs. Brown and kept tight hold of Margery's chubby hand. The sister talked rapidly to her in Japanese. Sadako silently hung her head. Divining that the sister was trying to persuade Sadako to return with her, Mrs. Brown interrupted. "Do you want to go with your sister, Sadako?" she asked very slowly; Sadako understood so few English words.

"No," she answered, "I no go her." Then the sister turned to Mrs. Brown. "But she must come. In our country the younger sister is compelled to obey the elder; the wife is compelled to obey her husband. I command her to come."

"No," said Mrs. Brown, "she cannot go unless she wishes to; she is my guest."

"Mrs. Brown," said the sister, sternly, "you have no right to keep her; she is not American girl. To-morrow I will bring her husband and will take her away. I am sorrow to be so rude to you. I do not know what lies she tells you to make all this trouble. She is very rebellious, bad woman!" Then, with more words in Japanese to Sadako, she went away.

Scarcely had she gone when George Masuda came in. "How are you all getting along?" he asked. "Fine," shouted the little girls, "we just love Sadako!"

"Her sister was just here," said Mrs. Brown, telling him the import of the visit. "Mr. Masuda, ask her, in Japanese, if she wants to go with her sister? Can the sister lawfully claim her? And tell her she may stay with me forever, if she wishes." The problem was settled for Mrs. Brown.

The next two days George Masuda was at the Brown home nearly all the time. Mr. Brown scarcely left the house. Sadako and the little girls made doll clothes and cut-outs and crayola pictures in the sewing room. Not even for a little walk would they venture out into the yard. Mrs. Brown was so nervous she couldn't work. In the midst of doing dishes or setting the table, she would look out the windows; once she forgot to put baking powder

in the biscuits; but no red auto came down the street.

Thursday Mrs. Brown arranged with the Japanese pastor in charge of the Japanese mission, that whenever the red auto did come, she would call him by telephone and he should come as quickly as possible.

Saturday the auto came again, bringing the brother-in-law. Very politely he handed Mrs. Brown a check for $300, made payable to Sadako Tanaka. He left a large tea basket, which, he explained, contained her clothes. If she still rebelled against them and insisted on troubling Mrs. Brown, she should at least be under no financial obligations to the Americans. They were abundantly able to give her everything she needed. "Tell her," he said, in leaving, "when this money is gone there is plenty more. Just telephone and she can have all she wants." Mrs. Brown thanked him.

Mrs. Brown, Sadako and the little girls were in ecstasies over the beautiful, costly, shimmering gowns they had taken from the basket and spread over all the chairs, when Mr. Kato, the Japanese pastor, and George Masuda came in with Mr. Brown, whom they had accidentally met on the street.

"What now!" said Mr. Brown. The two Japanese exchanged significant glances. Sadako handed Masuda the check. He gave one glance at it and tore it into shreds. "Pack up the basket, Sadako, we must send it back immediately." Without a word, Mr. Kato had stepped to the telephone and called a messenger boy. Masuda put some of the

scraps of the check into the basket, on the clothes; the rest he threw into the open grate. He paid the messenger boy his fee, sending him off with the basket before Mrs. Brown had time to recover from her astonishment! To her it had seemed so splendid of Sadako's people to so well provide for her.

Sadako sat on the floor, her face buried in her arms resting on a chair. Rev. Brown looked like a thunder cloud about to burst. The little girls were crying softly. Mr. Kato, reading their thoughts, said gently, "Mrs. Brown, you do not understand our Japanese custom. George did this to save Sadako. According to our custom, if Sadako had used so little as one penny of that money, or for only one time put on one of those beautiful gowns, she would have acknowledged herself *in debt* to those people and they could have claimed her, as one would claim a slave, until her debt was repaid. Of course they would never allow it to be paid. This is the favourite way women are held in prostitution in my country. The endless debt chains them. Most of them, innocently, like Sadako, assume the obligation. It is an old trick. They failed, but they will try other tricks. We must be very watchful."

Part of Sadako's romantic story and escape had leaked out into the city dailies, in spite of Rev. Brown's attempts to keep it secret. So when Sunday came and the First Church voted on the proposition of selling the building, it was almost unanimously decided to remain as they were. The people argued wisely; if through being right here our pastor has helped save Sadako, surely they should remain, since there must be other foreign women,

men and children to be helped into good lives and American ideals. A few wealth-spoiled ones withdrew into more congenial churches in more fashionable locations. Doubtless they have revised the old hymn and sing:

"I must be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease.
Let others fight to win the prize,
If that is what they please."

Several weeks passed uneventfully in the Brown home, until one day when the little girls were in the yard the red automobile came again over the hill and purred down their quiet street. Mary and Margery saw it at the same time. With a quick glance to be sure, they dropped their mud pies, scudded into the house, shouting, "Mama, mama, the red auto's coming, it's here!"

Mrs. Brown jumped to the telephone, "Hello, please give me 1069-J." "Hello, Mr. Kato, the red auto is just here." "All right, thank you." As she hung up the receiver, Sadako, very frightened, burst into the room. Seeing Mrs. Brown at the 'phone quieted her. How pretty she was; her pink American dress was a beautiful setting for her clear, dark skin and black, shining hair.

"Mr. Kato will be here immediately," said Mrs. Brown.

The doorbell rang. Mrs. Brown went to answer it, followed by Mary. Little Margery pulled Sadako down into a rocking chair, holding her tight, and, giving her a kiss on her plump neck, she whispered, "I won't let them get you, I won't, don't you be afraid." Sadako's sister stood in the door. So

handsome was she in her rich velvet suit and costly furs, Mrs. Brown began to wonder if they had not been too hasty about Sadako.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Brown," she said, sweetly, "please will you pardon me, I was so very rude to you before, I am so ashamed."

"Come in," said Mrs. Brown, helplessly, "I have nothing to forgive; I'm sure we all have been very much troubled over this affair. I hope we can be friends now."

"Indeed, Mrs. Brown, I wonder at your kindness and patience with us all, just Japs. You sure are a good woman."

Mrs. Brown, taken off her guard so completely by this turn of affairs, had no reply ready. "Please may I speak with Sadako, if it is convenient for you?" asked the sister, grasping her advantage. "I have a letter from our dear mother in Japan." Mrs. Brown called and Sadako entered, now clasped tightly by her body-guard of two loving little girls, who so feared for her they never left her side, when the big red machine stood at their door.

After an affectionate greeting, the sister handed Sadako a letter, saying in Japanese, "Here is a letter from mother, for you to read." Sadako eagerly took the letter; it had been many weeks since she had heard from her mother. She began to read, then to sob, then she sank down on the floor, a most disconsolate little heap, and moaned as if her heart was broken completely. Mary and Margery threw their arms around her, trying to comfort her. "What is it?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Is your mother sick, or dead?" The sister answered, "She

is very sick, perhaps cannot live long. She is breaking her heart because Sadako is so bad as to run away from me and make trouble for American people. Mother says she cannot with peace pass into the spirit world until she knows Sadako is safe in my home. I beg my sister to end our mother's pain and sorrow and set her spirit free, by immediately returning to my home."

Mrs. Brown was too dumbfounded to move. Tears came to her eyes; she got up trembling, to go to Sadako. The little girls were trying to comfort her. Even the elder sister was wiping her own eyes. "My poor sister," she said, "surely you will come with me now."

Slowly Sadako unwound the arms of the little girls; slowly she rose to her feet; slowly she went to the hall, getting her coat and hat. The sister's hand was on the knob, when the door opened from the outside and Mr. Kato came in with Mr. Brown. A look of dismay crossed the sister's face. Mr. Kato saw it. "What now!" he said, not even greeting the sister. "Is Sadako leaving us!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Oh, papa, her mother is dying," began Mary. Sadako silently handed the letter to Mr. Kato. Quickly he read it; then, taking it to the window, scrutinized it very minutely for a tense two minutes. Very slowly he turned from the window. Very stern and deep was his voice, "It is all forged, it is all a lie! Sadako, take off your hat and coat and come here!" Bewildered she came to his side. He showed her the year-old postmark on the envelope; the writing forged to resemble her mother's hand, and other proofs of its false make-up.

The wicked ones knew that in her sudden surprise and sorrow, Sadako would never question the thing until too late.

The sister slunk out of the house and the red automobile was going up over the brow of the hill when Rev. Brown recovered his breath enough to say, "Well, don't they beat old Satan himself——" "Hush, papa——."

The next day Mr. Brown saw the machine coming with four Japanese men in it; he was just going out to mail a letter. Without giving them time to get out of the car, he walked up to them, his hand on his hip pocket, his coat thrown back just enough to show he meant business. He politely said, "Sadako is not receiving callers to-day, gentlemen, it is needless for you to stop your car." Before he had finished the sentence the car was spinning away.

Once again there was a long interval of peace. In their care for Sadako, Mr. Kato and George Masuda had become intimate friends. That George Masuda truly loved the girl was evident to all. Imitating the American custom, every Sunday found them together, either at the Japanese Mission, or comfortably sitting with Mrs. Brown and the little girls in the American church.

So rapidly had Sadako progressed with her English language that sometimes she said, "Almost I understand youse sermon to-night, Meester Brown."

The members of the two churches had become great friends. Mr. Kato, a graduate of an American university, spoke English fluently. The two pastors sometimes exchanged pulpits, to the mutual interest and helpfulness of both congregations. Did Mr.

Kato need teachers in his night school? First Church supplied them. Did Mr. Brown need living illustrations for missions? The Japanese kindergarten children in their bright kimonos were there to sing for him. Thus working together, a decided uplift in the foreign settlement was beginning to be felt. Confidence between races was being established. Each learning the worth of the other was learning the meaning of that Scripture which says, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Through the help of both ministers, Sadako had received a divorce from her husband, on the ground of cruelty. The only trouble in getting the divorce was to prove she had ever been married. The Japanese law requiring the registration of the bride's name on the groom's family register in Japan and proof to the Japanese consul of the groom's character and financial ability to support a wife, had been complied with. There was proof that the American requirement that picture brides be acknowledged at the wharf by the groom to an American official, and this followed by either a Christian or Buddhist ceremony (though in pure Buddhism there is no wedding ceremony) had been met. But there had been no official American registration. Probably both priest and people, that night, were either too eager for the wine feast or too tipsy after it to remember so small a thing to them as a legal registration to protect a woman! So the court or the consul or somebody granted the divorce. In the opinion of the church members, and according to the rules of the Christian church, however, Sadako had

never been married. For his part in the whole affair, George Masuda's life was often threatened by the elder sister's friends. He always laughed at them, saying, "Kill me, if you dare, the Americans will get you sure then!"

During their year of struggle, both George and Sadako had become Christians, so everyone was happy when their wedding was informally announced for the coming Sunday, in the First Church.

But to-day, Wednesday, came the big red automobile over the hill again and sent the little girls flying into the house with the warning. What could it mean now? With the getting of the divorce, Mrs. Brown had felt there would be no more trouble.

The sister again stood at the door, as Mrs. Brown opened it. Mary, glancing over her mother's shoulder, caught sight of the sister's husband in the car and ran quickly upstairs to call her father. He had been kept in with a sick headache. When they were in the parlour, the sister congratulated Mrs. Brown on the coming wedding, thanking her for arranging so nicely for her bad sister. "And now may I please speak with Sadako alone? I have very important news for her," she said. When Sadako went into the parlour, Mrs. Brown, never fully trusting the sister, stayed close by the portieres in the dining room. Suddenly she heard a queer sound, as of a suppressed scream. She rushed into the parlour. Sadako was in the close grip of her sister, who was trying to stab her in the breast! Mrs. Brown's scream brought the girls and Mr. Brown, who caught the sister just as she was running from the house. Shaking her fiercely, he dragged her to the

automobile and put her in. "If either of you ever come to this house again, on any kind of business, or if you ever speak to Sadako again, I will have you both arrested and deported. You can't do your dirty deeds in my house. Don't either of you ever dare come here again!" Then he let them go.

"You should have had them both arrested right then," said Mr. Kato, when he arrived after the red auto had disappeared. When Sadako's dress was removed by Mrs. Brown's trembling hands, they found a very slight flesh wound.

Mr. Kato had telephoned for George Masuda. When he heard the story he walked over to Mr. Brown and handed him a paper. "It is a license," he said. "Marry us now, this minute, we can't risk delay; we can't wait till Sunday." "But my dress," said Sadako. "Never mind the dress; you can marry first and put your wedding dress on for Sunday." They stood before the two ministers and were made one; even the ring had not been forgotten. Two little girls in gingham frocks were the happiest bridesmaids in the world there and then. "Never," said Mrs. Brown at the Ladies' Aid, "had the pink geraniums in the alcove window bloomed in greater profusion, nor a big bouquet of pink roses the girls had freshly brought in shed sweeter perfume, nor the feathery ferns added grace to a happier wedding. And the afternoon sun sent a shaft of glory glinting across the canary's cage, till he fairly burst with song when the benediction was pronounced." "And wasn't it lucky I had baked a cake that very morning; so we had a real wedding after all!"

Sunday morning, after the church service, Mr. and Mrs. Masuda stood in the church and received the felicitations of their friends. Many of the church members, looking into their happy faces, said, "What if we had sold the church and moved away, who then would have saved Sadako?" The trans-continental midnight train bore them, well showered with rice, to New York City, where Mr. Masuda's firm had, at his request, transferred him.

Nearly a year passed before the red automobile stopped again at the door of the Rev. Mr. Brown. This time a very humble and contrite woman came to confess herself a sinner and to ask how she might learn to live in the Christian way.

II

"SWAT THE JAP"

A University Student's Experience*

JOE TOMINAGA, a Japanese subject who was graduated from the School of Architecture of the University of Oregon in 1916, and who since has been employed by the firm of McKim, Mead & White, is broken-hearted because his efforts to enlist in the United States army have failed. He contemplates an appeal to President Wilson that he may not be barred from serving the country which, he says, he has learned to love." * * *

Some of "Joe's" experiences in learning to "love the United States" as told to a friend follows:

"When my old father said good-by to me in Japan, he stood so straight and looked so stern the very pleats in his silk hakama rustled stiffly when he admonished me in true Samurai style, 'Well, Jo, remember my two instructions; learn all you can of the American people, their habits, customs, home life, schools, *everything,* but *don't eat their religion.* Bushido is best for Japanese. Our emperor has not yet recommended Christianity—Remember—Sayonara.'"

That was twelve years ago. Times have changed. My father had two motives in sending me to the

* From "The Oregonian" (Portland), 1918.

United States. I was barely seventeen, had just finished high school, and would soon be drafted into the army for a term of service.

My father, being superintendent of our city schools, was very ambitious that I take up his profession. It was the old Japanese custom for a son to continue his father's work. To avoid conscription at so young an age, and to advance my education, he desired I should first go to America, the mecca of every ambitious Japanese boy's heart.

Mother had died some years before and grandmother kept house, with the help of my older sister (who married soon after I left home). I am the only son. Naturally father was very ambitious for me to be a great man.

Of my mother I remember but one incident, which to me means a great deal. My grandmother was a typical Japanese mother-in-law, determined *never* to be pleased with her *son's wife*. Father, typical son, preferred taking himself off to his office rather than interfere with the domestic authority of his mother. But one day things changed mightily. I was just a wee fellow, and unusually peevish. Doubtless mother had lost much sleep because of me, and had become very nervous. In serving dinner, thoughtlessly she passed granny a bowl of boiled rice, using the palm of her hand for a tray; granny grabbed the bowl of hot rice and threw it at mother's face. It missed its mark and landed all over the clean, creamy floor matting (of course we were all sitting on the floor).

Mother, silently, quickly scooped the rice up into a bowl which father immediately took from her

hand and began to eat with his chopsticks. Granny stormed at him: "My son! you shall not eat that dirty rice!" Then to mother: "Vixen, get my son clean rice in a fresh bowl—and *serve it on a tray!*"

Father sedately, but in a voice like brooding thunder, said: "Wait—because my mother cannot control her temper, and is rude to her gentle daughter, her son is compelled to eat the spilled rice. We cannot afford to waste the precious rice, the gift of the god—Inari—Ah! it grieves me that my mother has forgotten the proverb 'A lady is always serene.'" So my father dared, in advance of his time, to recognize the right of a wife to justice!

The trip across the Pacific was a great event to a boy like me. Every day's new experiences forced the old proverb down my throat: "Ido no kawazu dai kai wo shirazu," ("The frog in the well knows not the ocean"). Each day I climbed a bit nearer the top of the well. However, my sharpest memory of the trip is disgust at the poor places provided—or rather lack of places provided—for people who wished to keep clean. Most orientals prefer to endure the tortures of second or third class on the steamer rather than pay the seemingly, to them, exorbitant prices for first-class tickets.

It was my good fortune to land in Seattle, the most cordial city on the Pacific coast. Here I had a letter of introduction to a business man, a friend of my father's. Mr. Kato met me at the steamer. I got through quarantine all right—but Sun, a Chinese boy whom I had chummed with, had a hard time. His eyes were all right—he couldn't have got-

ten his passport otherwise—but those old grafters were onto it that his brother had money, so they said to him: "You stay here, you Chink, till your eyes get well." "My eyes all light," said Sun. "We'll see about that," they replied, walking away. I was sorry for Sun, and said to the officer: "That's all right, he ain't got sore eyes." No answer. Sun stayed there two weeks in immigration office till fifty dollars came from his brother to buy his way in. Of course it's different now!

I lived with Mr. Tamura and went to high school in Seattle three years.

You remember a few years ago everybody said "Swat the fly!" Well, that's the time of much anti-Japanese agitation on the coast, so some days when I got on street car everybody laughs and looks at me. I think, what's wrong with me? I look at shoes, all black and strings tied properly; coat buttons all on, trousers pressed, necktie feels all right, shirt and collar clean—I don't see anything to laugh at. Why everybody looks at me and laugh? I got off that car. Next car just same—everybody laugh—so I said to conductor: "What's matter me, everybody laugh?" He laughed too, loud, "Ha! ha! look at your back!"

When I got off car I took off coat—great big paper pinned on, "Swat the Jap!" That's worst insult I got in America till to-day. I'll tell you about to-day after awhile.

My! I was mad—but instantly I remembered angry granny makes no friends. Maybe missionary knows how I feel when street boys in Japan call out

to him, "Ijin papa neko papa"—barbarian dad, cat's dad.

Several Japanese boys were in high school with me, one day Togo said, "Jo, come with me to the mission after school."

"I can't go to missions, my father said so—no, sir; I can't get American's religion."

"Aw, who said *religion*—got tennis there, library, piano, music, and jolly good times—English, too."

Next time he invited, I went with him. It was rather a poor building, but many Japanese boys were there. A rather old American woman—who can't talk Japanese at all, very patiently and cheerfully taught us music and English—if we want to study. If we want games—that's all right, too. We grow to love that woman like our mother. We boys never had a mother who could teach us as she does. We call her our American mother. English Bible is her text-book. It helps us get English language. We get the religion, too. We can't help it. By and by most all boys become very happy Christians. We get more boys and don't care for high school parties now, because we have good times in the mission. But I did not write my father about it—he could not understand how good American religion is for Japanese boys in America.

When I graduated from high school I wondered where to go next—to college of course. The Japanese consul advised me that Mr. Hoshino, a rich Japanese farmer, will put me through a certain university—under certain conditions, of course. I replied, "Please thank Mr. Hoshino, but I'm in America and a free man." That consul thinks me

rude, sure, but I have my own plans and won't be bound to any man. So I wrote many schools for catalogues—and I decided on a certain little university in the West—because it has a fine reputation for work, it is democratic, its president is a live Christian, and living expense is not so high.

The Y. M. C. A. man helps me get work, I room with Chinese student—we batch for our eats—not much fun—but second year I do more work and board with students at Christian woman's house. Hardest thing here—she ask us each to return thanks at table—so I must take turn also. By and by it's not so hard, unless awfully hungry. Funny thing, too, sometimes students cannot tell whether Lee is Japanese or Jo is Chinese—sometimes we joke them.

My father died now—grandmother also, and sister very busy, so seldom writes. Sometimes I get blue thinking. Now I'm a homeless orphan boy in a foreign land—but I've got God for my Father, and this is God's land—so I'm happy all the time—most.

One day some boy put a thumb tack on my chair and I sat down—jumped up quicker. "What's the matter, Jo?" "O, nothing, I hurt my feelings, that's all!" But I am on to American boy's tricks now, and look before I sit.

I guess I made pretty good, for my test sheets went to New York City and were marked "honourable mention." I was proud, for even all the American students didn't do so well. Five times a semester we did this—lots of fun for me to match my

skill with American students. I wished father could know.

Coasting was fine. I like to go coasting, too. At boarding table boys joke me, "Why don't you get a girl, Jo, and go coasting too?" "More fun with girls along!" "Shall I get you a girl, Jo?"

"O thank you," I say, "Jap girl good enough for me. Jap girl got black eyes. I like black eyes—you can like *green* ones if you want to." All the same it did hurt me, cause once there was a black-eyed girl waiting for me over in Kyoto. We were engaged by our parents when children—but she died that very winter while the boys joked me. Of course I couldn't tell them. I never, never told anyone. Why did I tell you now?

But there was Jake Schneider, couldn't speak English as well as I—and his father was only a saloon-keeper—before prohibition—yet most any girl went coasting with Jake. I *joke* with students, but I *think,* "queer Christians." Don't Jap boys want fun same as others. Why should American girls think Jap boys want to marry them? I came to *study,* not to *marry*—most Jap boys do so too. We do not want American wives anyway—they are mostly too self—what shall I say?—always talking about self. We do not think them so pretty, either, as they think themselves. Not many of those people have "family trees" rooted so far in civilized past as Japanese have. Queer girls, I think they don't know Japanese people dressed in silks when white men still roamed around in skins. Anyway I'll become an American citizen if I can—and forget the past. I don't care to go back to the old country,

only to visit sister, and to see what progress Japan makes in western ways. Great changes over there they tell me.

When I left, our old jinrikisha man (he was born a servant in grandfather's family) gave me a furoshiki full of big juicy persimmons to eat on the ship —to-day there are not many jinrikisha men in my city—because streets are full of electric trams and automobiles! I'd like to see it, because I can't imagine it—but I'll make my *home* here if you don't "swat the Jap" too hard.

After I graduated from university I got a job, soon, in New York City. It's good work and good pay. But—I'll whisper this to you—I don't like New Yorkers so much as westerners—they seem not so free and frank. Only in the church they seem more alike—and I help the young people there.

The first night I landed in New York City I made a mistake, got off at the wrong corner. It was dark. "How queer!" I thought. "Where's the friend who promised to meet me?" Instantly I was knocked insensible—something hit my head. By and by I waked up, crawled a little way, just saw two men running past the light at next corner. Got up, went to the light, waited awhile, and a policeman comes along. I tell him I'm a stranger and some one knocked me down. He calls some one and I am taken to hospital. Oh, how my head aches all the time—several weeks. I get very blue. Is this America? Oh, yes, I lost all money which was in pockets, my watch, and suitcase—fortunately my other money was elsewhere, so I had a little, not much, just graduated, you know. No, I didn't re-

port it to Japanese consul, what's use to make more trouble between America and Japan—too much trouble already—too much misunderstanding. I want peace and true friendship. Probably those rowdies were only poor ignorant Dagoes anyway.

When I got well I went to work all right. Make good salary. New York is wonderfully interesting. For my own pleasure and education I go everywhere, see it all over. One day I was sketching out towards harbour. Oh, such a beautiful picture nature painted with ocean and clouds, ships and boats—we Japanese love such a picture. I sketched and dreamed happily, when slap! a hand came heavy on my shoulder. "Move on, young man, nobody allowed to make pictures of our harbour. Guess you're a German spy!" Well, it took several papers and much telephoning to convince that "Cop" that I was merely an American-Japanese business man out for a holiday. Hm! I don't think much of a cop who can't tell a Japanese from a German! But I don't sketch the harbour any more either.

Ever since war began against Germany my heart is a battle-field also. I am not a German sympathizer, nor a British hater. I am trying to live peaceably with the free conscience God has given us through intellect and religion. Now we are in the war which we hated so much. Within a few weeks all males within the limited ages shall be in the draft. I am ready to respond the moment duty demands me. I have no dependents. Besides, I am a Japanese—we never mistake our duty. If I ever become a target for enemy's bullet let me tell you I did so for mere sake of performing my

duty, *gratefully,* to the country where I have been receiving protection and educational privileges and enjoyments. It is our duty to stay with our country's leader, whatever steps he may take—but alas! now I am utterly wretched and feel totally wrecked!

I have again been insulted and it hurts—God, how it hurts. I did not want to wait for draft. *I volunteered!*

I offered myself to the Washington government and was rejected—or rather advised to wait for the draft, being a professional man. After this I went to a recruiting officer in the Signal Corps. I was rejected because an alien! A captain I met here said a Japanese battalion is being formed in San Francisco, he read it in the newspaper—go to the consul and inquire. Off I sped to the consulate, only to be laughed at for making such an inquiry. Didn't I know those were *American born Japanese*—Ah! happy Japs—no, happy Americans!

Still my feeling of obligation to this country is so strong that I asked the district attorney about becoming an American citizen in order to enlist. He sent me to the county clerk. Here I found that certain court decisions debarred Japanese from being naturalized. "They are neither black nor white, and the decision does not mention yellow." Well, this is queer! Is the shade of skin of prime importance and the main requirement of aliens who desire citizenship—especially in time of country's peril? I want to know!

Happy negroes, happy, poor, ignorant, plodding European immigrant, you are received! While I, a clean, Christian American state university graduate,

a successful business man, employed by one of America's greatest firms—I am rejected because I am neither black nor white! Oh, is it then such a shame to be born *yellow?* "Who has sinned, this man or his parents?"

I represent a thousand or more capable Japanese young men, graduates of American universities—some honour men, *eager* to serve her because of our alma maters. Oh, Columbia, is it well for you to refuse such sons citizenship and service? There is no "YELLOW" BLOOD in us.

The privileges and courtesies I have received in America are so great I *must* offer myself *now*, she needs me. I have tried all means I know and am flatly rejected—*"Swat the Jap" is everywhere.* Only one thing more can I think of—perhaps an appeal to President Wilson may win for me.

Hereafter shall the American government treat me as an alien? Shall it always reject my service? Was it for this she nourished and educated and Christianized me and made me her devoted lover—only to insult me *now?*

Do you, my friend, blame me when I want to shout *Injustice.* Shall I, whose father was superintendent of schools of a city comparable to Chicago, I who have been American half my life—more than half in spirit—shall I blush and hang my head before others who march off to serve this glorious land! Injustice—Oh, I want to be made equal—a son—not an outcast. I want to give my life. What more can I do to prove my sincerity and my love? The joy is all gone out of my life—America has decided it is worth nothing, so "swat the Jap."

Oh, school days—happiest days on the old university campus—let me dream of you again! * * *

The very latest from the Jap who wouldn't give up, to one of the university men:

Toul, France, December, 1918.

"After the armistice was signed on November 11, we remained on light railroad from Daubasle to Montfaucon, as there were many trains running between these two points. About four weeks afterward we were transferred to the Fourteenth Engineers. * * * Later we were moved from Argonne Forest to this place, Bourcq, about fifteen kilometers from Toul, so joining our own battalion. It was on Christmas morning, while snowflakes washed our faces we marched into this village. We were in the First Army, but now are in the Second. It is raining and cold in these French barns, and we have no stoves. Anyway, anywhere, at last I am serving the land I love. God is good. Don't ask me how I got here—only be glad I'm here and happy. There are all sorts of rumours as to when we will sail for 'Good old United States' again—but they are only rumours. * * *

"Here is a poem—my heart's poem—which I saved from a scrap of newspaper:"

MY ADOPTED COUNTRY

America! Land of my choice;
None other would I claim mine own.
All that I have, all that I am,
It shall be thine alone.

Behold my heart! Its very beat
Is for thy greater weal;

My head, my hands, and swift my feet
  Shall wait on thee with zeal.

Whate'er to them be thy commands,
  With joy shall be obeyed;
Nor any service shall I call
  Too mean, nor yet too great.

I came to thy fair, smiling land,
  Its gates wide open—yea!
And from thy bounty thou hast given
  More than I can repay.

So use me as thou deemest best;
  And, loyal to the end,
I shall with every drop of blood
  Thy flag—my flag—defend!

—"Oakland Tribune."

III

THE LITTLE BROWN BRIDE OF THE RED APPLE COUNTRY

A Farm Story

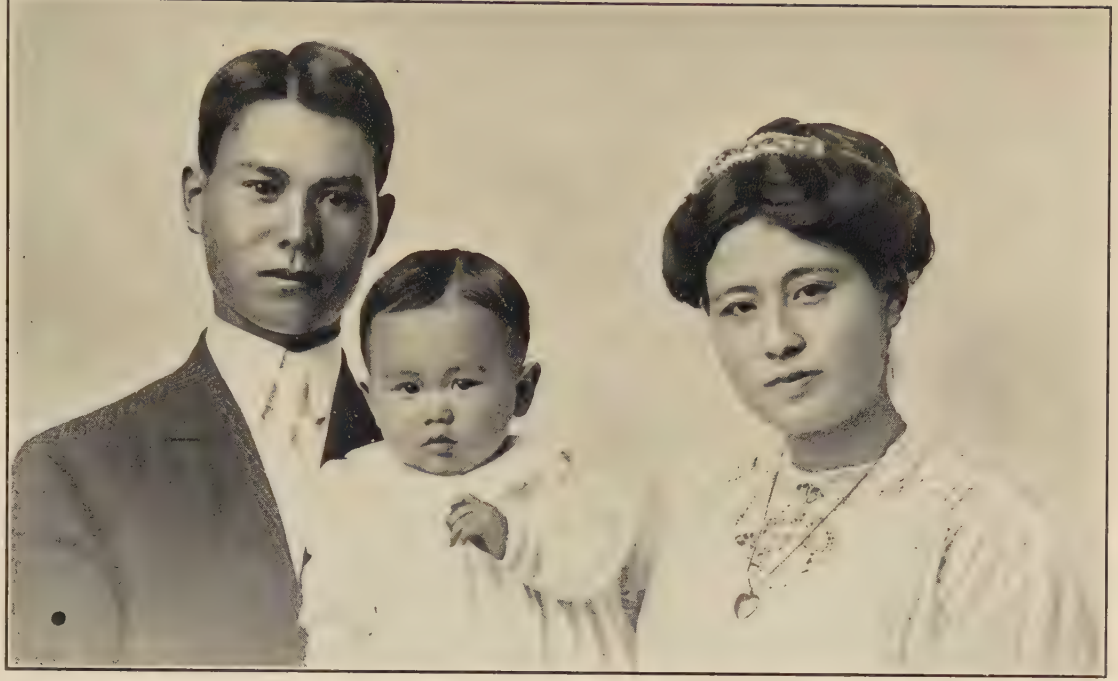
IT was up in the land of red apples I found this little Japanese picture bride.

She was standing by the door of the tiny boarded up and down cabin common to the Japanese farmers here. A faraway look glowed in her dark eyes as she gazed at Mt. Hood, glorious in the autumn sun, and I know in her heart she was worshipping her own peerless Mt. Fuji, twin sister of Mt. Hood.

In front of the cabin acres and acres of strawberries—their summer's work done—drooped in the dust. Not a wicked weed dared show itself in a single row of them. The shallow irrigation ditches between the rows were dry. Away on all the other sides of the cabin, apparently to the very feet of rough old Mt. Adams, stretched the aisles of the apple orchards. Clean were the aisles, almost ready for the picking were the tempting, ruddy apples.

The little woman's back was toward Mt. Adams —it is not like Mt. Fuji.

A plump bit of a girl, dirty with road dust and the goo of a candy "sucker," saw me and ran, almost upsetting the mother by hiding in her skimpy skirt.



A Japanese Farmer and His Wife. Both Were Born in Japan But Are Christians Now in America

From the mother's arms came the frightened wail of a puny babe—thus my coming was announced.

"Gomen nasai"? I called, thinking she would be less startled if I spoke in Japanese. "Were you worshipping Mt. Fuji? It looks like Mt. Fuji, doesn't it?"

Dreamy eyed the mother turned; for a second she stood dumb, studying my face, reading my soul, as the Japanese do—

"Come in," she sighed, and led the way into the cabin. (It is hard to have one's day-dream shattered.)

In Japan the cabin would have had a bit of flower garden, and perhaps a garden seat, or at least the low veranda of the farmhouse, on the polished floor of which we could have sat and enjoyed the beautiful view of farm, and valley, and guardian mountain. But here, the cabin edged the road and only dull dust of red clay hugged the dreary box of a doorstep; which was guarded by a broken chair, capped with a tin wash basin, half full of muddy water.

"I came on business to Mrs. Brown's," I explained, "and was told a Japanese named Rex lived here with his wife and children, so I came over to see you. I have lived in your country. It is very different from this, isn't it?"

"Oh! have you? Yes it is different."

Then we went through the formal bows required by Japanese etiquette, for introductions. Evidently she was much embarrassed. I had never known a Japanese woman so awkward. Doubtless one cannot be thoroughly Japanese in a bare American

cabin, and costumed in an ill-fitting, out-of-date American dress.

"How long were you in my country?" she asked.

I told her.

"Do you like America?" was my next question.

"Yes," she prevaricated politely—I had seen the homesickness as she looked at the mountain.

"Will you please speak English with me?"

"No," she drawled (in English), "I cannot do so, my husband, he speak English—he think me—what you say—foolish? I wish some teacher" (wistfully) "maybe learn somedings—Will you stay here?"

I explained I was a stranger, and had just a few minutes to visit her, but would see if a teacher could be found for her.

"The little daughter, she say, 'Mama—Papa—babay'—she learn English, I think so."

We were in the cabin now, and "Little daughter," sheltered behind the kitchen door-jamb, peeped out when she thought I did not see. I had often been so peeped at in Japan—through saliva-wet holes in the paper doors over there.

My hostess, true to the traditions of Japan, was preparing me a cup of tea, the cup which proves one is a welcome guest. And I had the opportunity, long desired, of seeing with my own eyes the home of a Japanese farmer in a foreign land, in America. The baby was down on the dirty, bare, wooden floor, trying to crawl—he would have none of me, though I coaxed my best. I shuddered at the combination of a puny babe on a filthy floor. In Japan he would have rolled delightedly on a clean, padded matting,

never polluted by the shoe of mortal man or woman, a floor always spotless and cool and comfortable, and (apparently, especially) designed for babies, and weary old folks.

Or he would have contentedly cuddled down on mother's or granny's kimono back—how could one cuddle a baby on the back of an American calico? Or where in all America could one find a Japanese granny to croon "Nen-nero?"

From thoughts of the children's deprivations, my eyes went to the kitchen, so bare of the roomy cupboards of Japan. I missed the big porcelain water jars, and the bamboo pipes bringing the mountain water down to the kitchen door,—here was nothing but an ugly zinc bucket. Instead of the clean charcoal brazier, or the adobé fireplace, built in the kitchen side, where the iron rice pot crowned with its weighted wooden cover always sat in dignity, was this spider-legged, rusty, little, iron stove, heating the box of a cabin like a furnace, just to make a cup of tea!

On through all the house my eyes and thoughts wandered, till they caught the man's heavy work shoes, brogans, on the woman's tiny feet—so many years unused to anything heavier than a straw sandal, or a dainty, feather-weight wooden clog, held to her usually bare foot by a velvet thong lightly passed between two toes. Those brogans were the limit! I wondered at the patience, the fortitude and the adaptability of the little woman. She was doing her very best.

Smiling, she clumped into the room, bringing the tea, with apologies for the time consumed in its mak-

ing. "I am so glad you came, I can hardly find words to speak. Five years I live here, you are the first white woman to call on me."

I almost dropped my tea cup. "What! you have lived here—you have neighbours—why am I first—I don't understand!"

Scuffing over to the baby she picked him up and tucked him under her arm; then she brought a lacquered box from the littered dresser and sat in a low wooden chair beside me. I occupied the one rocker.

"I know not, perhaps because I not speak Engliss,—they not speak Japanese * * *," taking up the conversation again.

"But that does not excuse them from their duty to be neighbourly," I said hotly. "And yet you said you LIKED *America*!"

"Oh, yez, I like—people are kind. Husband make good money,—some day we get better home—maybe. I wish you to live near, so we can talk." Oh, the lonely heart of the motherless bride!

"You can talk to the other women, too; you know enough English for that—and talking with them you will learn more English. What about the Japanese women, do any of them live near?"

"Oh, yez, quite many, but always so busy working, working all time. Anyway all same people, all same experience, just Japanese in strange land. I think American friend better to tell American ways."

I understood, oh, how well I understood. Once I was a strange woman in a strange land, and so much needed the friendship of the native women to teach me their language, their customs; so much I, too,

longed for their sympathy. And they had never failed me, those splendid Christian women in Japan, though just one step out of heathenism. How kind they were, how interested in my babies!

The little bride was opening the lacquered box of photographs. She would trust me with tales of her loved ones over the sea. Baby boy, playing on mother's lap with the unwashed nipple of his bottle, had ceased whining. Little sister, curious to see the pictures, pushed against the mother's knee, silently. Mother was telling her story as if we had been friends in a previous world.

She took up the fourth picture——

"This was my first husband, he has become a spirit," she murmured.

I gasped.

"You are surprised?"

"Yes, indeed, you look so young."

"I am twenty-four," she smiled, "quite an *old* woman," sighing. "You know how we marry in Japan. When I was sixteen I went to Sergeant Kudo's home as his bride. His father was a rice merchant. They gave me a beautiful obi, and we had such great wedding feasts in my home and his—you know our custom."

She had forgotten the English language, her Japanese was music to me.

"Of course his mother was very exacting—we Japanese brides expect that—but she was good to teach a stupid girl like me everything about housekeeping. I was happy there—six months—then husband was killed in army.

"Of course I was returned to my father's house.

I could not assure them of an heir, so the Kudo family had no further use for me. You know our custom, I can speak my heart to you. My father felt bitter enough to have me returned for support before my younger sisters were married," she sighed.

"Yes, I understand it all," I assured her, and she continued—

"Then his friend Mori, who lives in Seattle, wrote my father that a good farmer in Red Apple country needs a strong young wife—so I was soon on the way here."

"Oh, weren't you frightened to come so far alone to a strange country and a strange man?"

"Yes, of course I was frightened at many things; I was only a country girl after all. But it was my *duty* to help my father, so I was glad to forget fear and come. We made many, many offerings to the temple—you know."

"And your trip across?" I asked. "Was it pleasant?"

"Oh! that dreadful steamer—down in the steerage. It is terrible—the dark, the crowds, the smell, because port holes must be closed most all the time—and all of us piled up on shelves with our bedding—just like things—only things, not folks. Of course most of us are seasick almost to die! Is it not awful?"

"Yes, I know the steerage. My husband preached to the people in the steerage when we crossed. It was awful when the hatch was closed—not fit for pigs. Really I had a sinful (perhaps) thought—that my husband had better preach to the

owners of the ship than to the steerage passengers. Yes, I know the steerage," I answered sadly.

"Some Japanese steamers have a stewardess—a Japanese to help sick women and babies, I was told, but that was an American steamer, so we must care for each other."

"Brave girl!" I cried.

"No, not brave. Shikataga nar" (no other way), she retorted quickly. "Some days we ventured out on our little deck, but first-class passengers, mostly Americans, stared down at us like we were monkeys; so we girls preferred the dark and the bad smells to the staring green eyes of the foreigners."

"When you reached America, how long were you in quarantine?"

She shuddered. "Four terrible days—why we wait so long I don't know. Other passengers, except steerage ones land—medical inspection on steamer enough for them. We had inspection on steamer, too. Why must we wait so long? We girls knew nothing at all, very ignorant, and always afraid."

"Were the American officers unkind to you while in quarantine?" I ventured, fearfully.

"American officers not so *unkind,* I suppose; sometimes rough, big voices sound cross. We don't understand English, and they look at us, then talk to each other in English and laugh—makes us more afraid—and Japanese interpreter—well, we girls don't know is he good man or not, is he speak the truth?"

"Everything so strange. Some girls cry on the steamer very much, and in quarantine Ameri-

can officers think she have eye sickness, maybe they sent her back to Japan—I don't know. I only know nothing the matter but homesick tears. Anyway, though Rex is strange man to me, I very glad to go with him when he can take me away," and she smiled.

"Rex! Is your husband's name Rex?"

"Oh," she laughed, "that's just American name, nice and short. Of course his real name is Ueda (that's his surname) and Yoshimasu (that's his name)—so of course there isn't time in America to say all such long name, so he changed to Rex Ueda."

"Now you have husband and home and babies, you are happy, I think?" with a questioning tone, because she had not looked so.

"I suppose so; but the babies hinder me so I cannot do much field work. Rex has a great disappointment in me. I have not strength as before babies came."

"Oh, no," I assured her, "Rex is not disappointed; you will soon be strong again; Japanese men always love their babies; Rex must be proud of them. They will soon be big children and help you both."

"Yes," she sighed, looking so wistfully, "I wish to think that, but Rex not patient as most Japanese men. My weakness troubles him. I am very great expense, you see—my wedding clothes, steamer ticket, railroad fare, the babies coming, lose so much time from work—oh, very, very great expense, he just lose money all the time for me."

"But you must not think that way; you must take

good care of yourself and the children now, and think of the happy days when he will be glad because they can help. Jesus Christ would help you think right about your problems if you only knew Him."

She interrupted, "Sometimes I cry—I wish to see my mother—but my great sorrow is about my children. Rex says they must go to his family in Japan. He does not want them to be Americans."

"Does he not like America?"

"Oh, yez, he likes, but he cannot become so——," but the English language was too trying—"so the children must not remain. How can I let my children go so far away—who will care for them on the boat? Though my sleeve is wet with tears, I have no peace in my mind—what you think about it?"

"I think you *must* know Jesus, who helps us think aright. He lightens our cares; He shows us the way; you *must* know Him."

The sound of heavy, scraping footsteps outside, and a hand upon the door, silenced us. Rex came in noisily.

He was short and stocky, rather heavier than the average Japanese man. Americanlike, he shook hands, but there was no cordiality in his greeting. I felt that I had interrupted the regular program of a busy man. I hastened to explain why I had called.

Gruffly, for a Japanese, he replied. We were not getting on. I praised the children—usually the "open sesame" to every parent's heart. Rex complained that they hindered his work. I had never met such a Japanese man before!

"By and by they will help a great deal; then you will be a proud father," I ventured.

"Perhaps so"—he half smiled.

"Do you like farming here better than in Japan?"

He looked as if he wished to say, "What a fool's question!" But he said, "Oh, yez, I like here much better. Better chance, more money."

I laughed.

"You are quite American to be talking of money. It was not the usual topic of conversation when I was in your country."

"Well, I been in America ten years now, I don't hear Americans talk anything but money, I think they like it best," he blurted.

"Too true: it often does seem so," I sighed, "but surely they do sometimes talk of other things."

"Oh, yez, sometimes," sarcastically, but with a twinkle in his heavy eyes. "Sometimes they talk of weather, irrigation water, crops, automobile, and maybe sometimes—votes for President—thaz all."

"Rex,—excuse me,—Mr. Ueda, you haven't been here ten years and no one told you of our religion, our Christ, our God? Don't you go to that church not a mile east of you?"

These and other questions tumbled out of my surprised, indignant and terribly hurt heart.

"No, I not go that church. I Buddhist. No temple here—just in Portland. Maybe once a year I go there—Buddha's birthday, perhaps, I think all religion just same—only Americans say Christ, Japanese say Buddha—all same, I guess—only——," he paused.

"Only what?" I asked.

"Only I don't know how to swear in Buddhism, we can't do that, so when I get angry I swear like a Christian."

Then indeed I tried to explain—but he began to fidget, and was not listening—evidently he thought I'd taken too much of his time already.

"When will you return to Japan?" I asked.

"Me? I not return. I live here. Die here."

"Do you own this farm?"

His face flamed with anger—and scorn, "Don't you know we *Japs* cannot buy land here? Just have lease on it—or something—I pay for lease like rent, I pay taxes, too, just same as if owner, but laws always changing, Japs may have to move off tomorrow——," with an oath under his breath.

"But if you were an American citizen you could own your home, couldn't you?"

"Yez, that's what I want to be, American. Why can't I, when I pay out so much money for my place? They won't let me own my home, they won't let me vote, they won't let me be 'citizen,' I want to know why won't they? That Italian on next farm, he owns nothing at all, he just hired man, no rent, no taxes, sometimes *he is my servant*—yet he is American citizen, he can vote, he can buy—yet he don't love this country as I do—yet I'm only 'Jap.' Makes me sore. What you think of such country?"

"I think," I began slowly, trying to think——. My friend's auto honked at the door.

"I must go now," regretfully. "Some day, if possible, I will come again. I hope you will be an American citizen then, Rex. I know what splendid citizens the Japanese farmers will make, because

they are intelligent and a reading people, and our country needs such men to teach us the most economical ways of farming—but Rex, most important of all, get in touch with our Christians—ask the American farmers about Christ. Good-by." We shook hands—"Get our religion and our language."

"Sayonara Okusama," to the little bride, "take good care of the babies, they are your greatest treasure. When I come again I want to see them big and strong."

And the little ones, in obedience to the mother's urging, waved their tiny hands "good-by"—but there was no smile in their wondering eyes.

* * * * * * * *

Nearly nine years later my friend met me at the railroad station, and a new auto bowled us along through the Red Apple country again. Much was changed—but much was the same as before, especially the grand old mountains smiling down on the beautiful apple trees, and the green ridges of luxuriant strawberry vines.

Suddenly I remembered Rex and his little brown bride, and recalling to my friend my former visit to them, asked if they were still in the valley.

"Oh, yes, they are here. Hoy many years since you met them? And you haven't heard of them since? I wonder if you will be surprised, or will you say, 'I told you so?' You have such faith in the Japanese!"

I noticed she said "Japanese" instead of "Japs," as formerly.

"Prepare yourself," she laughed.

"Tell me quick what has happened—quick," I demanded.

"Rex and Hannah, we call her—they spell it Hana—are among our best neighbours, and Mary, their daughter, is a dear girl. She graduated in June from Lincoln High School in Portland, an honour student, mind you. She is a good musician, too. She has charge of the Primary Department music in our Sunday School. The little tots all love her. A lot of the children are Japanese, too, but you'd hardly know it, they all speak English perfectly, slang and all."

"Well, I'm more than glad. How did it happen? When I was here, Mrs. Rex was weeping because the children must be sent back to Japan for education and——"

"I don't know how it happened; perhaps the baby's death——"

"Oh, did the baby die? I was afraid he would, he was so tiny and pale, and she didn't know how to feed him with a bottle."

"Yes, I suppose so. She said so, though I guess none of us knew much about them until Rex came over to ask my Dick if they could bury the baby in our cemetery. Dick said he would ask our minister to arrange the funeral, but Rex said he had already telegraphed the Buddhist priest to come. That startled the whole community. A Buddhist priest in our midst! A heathen funeral in our cemetery? And when we saw the food, flowers, incense, toys and other things she put every day on that baby's grave some of us began to think we'd better put in a few missionary licks right here at home. You

know we have one of the best missionary societies in this state, and here was a bit of pagan land right under our eyes, and apparently we were blind or careless. Well, we did the right thing. Hana knows her baby is safe with Jesus now, and doesn't need any boiled rice she can put on his grave. From that time things changed for them and for other foreigners in our country—and for us, too. You can't know what good it has done us, too."

"Can't I? Hmn!"

"Here is their home now."

"What," I shouted. "That mansion! Lace curtains—stop this machine instantly. I owe these people a call."

As the car stopped a sweet young girl—I had to look close to be sure she was a Japanese, she wasn't really, you know, having been born here—skipped off the porch and down the walk to greet us. My! but she was pretty—clear complexion, black, shining, abundant hair, sparkling brown eyes, straight, daintily pencilled (by nature) brows, a cute little nose, red, laughing lips, and flashing white perfect teeth. And her English—just enough accent to make it charming. And her dress—just like all neat American girls were wearing.

After being told who I was, she ran on ahead of me calling—

"Mother, mother, she's here, she's here at last!" Which enigmatical words meant that "mother" always knew I would return, *because* I had said so (she hadn't noticed my English subjunctive mood) and the longer I tarried away, the oftener she said,

"The time of her coming is shortening day by day. It can't be much longer to wait."

What memories they have! Why should that mother wait for me? I had done nothing for her.

While we were having afternoon tea in great style on the porch, another machine drove into the yard, and Rex came swinging up onto the porch for tea with us. Mary had telephoned him of my arrival.

The best of Japanese Bushido and the best of American Christianity had made a fine man of him. Christ had taken away the heavy sullenness and the stubborn quarrel with fate, of former years.

We talked of many things the years had brought us and our countries—for I had just returned again from Japan.

Just as I left I said, "And what of this war, Rex —does it trouble you?"

"Many good things will result from it," he replied. "No such awful sacrifice can be made uselessly. One of its good results will be a satisfactory solution of *our* American-Japanese problems." (I noticed he said *our* American.) "In the end there will be solid peace and perfect understanding between the two countries which guard the Pacific. And there will be American citizenship for those of us who desire it, as well as for Europeans. We already sing, "The Star-Spangled Banner"—and, laughing, "I am getting ready to vote for the next President."

IV

CHARLIE, MARINER AND MILLIONAIRE

Adopted by Mr. Black

THE storm which for three days threatened to sink the ship had subsided; not so the captain's wilder temper. Just now he was sleeping.

Jubei and Seikichi, ordinary seamen, trembled, talking through their teeth. "The wind god loves the flesh and blood of men and by himself is fierce enough."

"Yes," shuddered Seikichi, "but this storm was worse than that. Fukurojin was helped this time by all the wild demons of the heavens, with their hungry axes, spears and icy swords."

"And," mumbled Jubei, "the thunder god laughed, tossing his scorpion whip, till the great balls of rain fell."

"And the dragon of the sea lashed the waves into such fury! Oh, poor Shin; poor Kun, the teeth of the tempest snapped them off into the sea dragon's horrid, grinning mouth! Did you know that, Jubei?"

"Yes, and I know more. The old captain laughed and said 'Shikata ga nai'; then he drank more saké when they were not at roll call."

"So? he's been drunk most all the way. He laughed when the first officer told him in Yokohama,

we were sailing on an unlucky day, the day of the monkey; saru for separation, you know. 'It's lucky for our ship to separate from the shore,' jeered the captain. Ken told me the first officer went back with a bigger offering than usual, after that, to the Kompira temple, though he'd been there three times before. He was sure to sail on monkey day would cause the sea god to destroy us. He mortgaged half his money to make the peace offering."

"Did you hear that Go has a broken arm? He fell when the captain kicked him last time. Between the storm and the captain——"

After a while their work brought them close together again.

"Say, Kimi, he's too wicked to ship with again. A captain who fears neither gods nor men, I——" began Jubei.

"How far are we from shore, Jubei?"

"We're out of course, but ought to make port in two days, I think, Kimi. Are you thinking something?"

"Hush, Jubei, a wind demon may carry our talk to the sleeping ears."

"I agree with you, to be lost in a strange land is cheating the sea dragon. With such a captain, I——"

"Sh! Sh!"

Close into Jubei's ear Seikichi whispered a half formed plan; the men pledged each other in sacrificial friendship for all their lives in seven worlds.

A week later Jubei was arrested in a Japanese restaurant—saloon—in Seattle. (It was before prohibition.) He was taken back to the ship of the

beastly captain. Taunted and tormented all his days across, until, in desperation, breathing a prayer to Yakushi Nyorai to heal his miserable existence, he leaped into the grinning teeth of the sea dragon. "Out of the pot into the kettle," commented the sailors.

* * * * * * * *

A teamster who had been hauling logs from woods to sawmill was returning home one evening. The sun just peeping over the Olympics, waved good night to busy Seattle. An autumn chill came creeping through that fine clear air which fills up the tracks of a storm. The tall firs of the forest lowered on ahead. The four horses pulling and the four being led behind felt the chill and smelled the supper waiting them; the hungry teamster tried not to hold them in, even as they trotted swiftly up one of the seven long hills.

"I wish Tom could a took his own teams home; I wish there was somebody to watch them back ponies, they're mighty skittish to-night. Old Don smells his supper before the oats is harvested," said the teamster to himself.

Reaching the crest of the hill, the teamster saw a man in white walking briskly in the road before him. "Well," he whispered softly, "whose sick in this neighbourhood,—sure looks like a nurse yonder."

"Hello, friend, want a ride?" he called, half halting the horses.

The man in white looked up, grinned, showing perfect white teeth, but answered to the teamster an unintelligible "Konbanwa!"

"Lord, it's a Jap!" "Hello, want a ride?" he urged, pulling up the reluctant horses.

Quickly the Jap sized up the man; though he understood no word of English, he understood the hearty voice and the gestures; with alacrity he leaped to the teamster's side. Impatient, the horses needed no urging to go on.

"Nurse?" inquired the teamster, touching the man's white suit.

"No sabe," replied the foreigner, grinning, the only English he had picked up on the wharf; the American understood that too.

"Well, anyway, come along. Say, can you keep an eye on them horses back there; don't let 'em run over us?" He turned in his seat and motioned towards the fractious animals. The man in white grasped the situation.

"Hai, hai," he responded, jumping back into the wood rack and grabbing one of the halters. So they went on for a mile or more, the man wondering where the foreigner was bound for. Coming to a cross roads, he called back to him:

"Hey, there, you Jap, goin' to the Jap farm out yonder? There's your road." But the foreigner shook his head.

A Japanese lived about ten miles down the cross roads, in a clearing of his own, hired only Japanese help, so his place was known as the "Jap Farm." This was Mr. Minamoto's way of helping Americanize his countrymen. He introduced them to American foodstuffs and farm tools, had them taught English and let them work until they were ready to

fare forth for themselves; a great work in internationalism.

Seikichi had never heard of the "Jap Farm." He had changed his own plan anyway since boarding the logger's wagon. He would hang to that wagon and see what happened next.

Mr. Black was a contractor. He hired many teamsters for many kinds of work. Mrs. Black was mother, as well as cook for them all. At this time there were twenty men, besides Mrs. Black and their own three little children. Mother Black was the busiest of women.

The teamster drove into the yard. The Jap was at his elbow almost as soon as he was on the ground, watching intently every move of the unhitching, watering and feeding of the horses. He was absolutely fearless of the big beasts and needed no second lesson in putting them up for the night, though in all his life he had never before touched a horse.

When all was snug, they stopped at the pump outside the kitchen door and washed, then, "Well, Ma Black, see what I found on the road to-night!" announced the teamster opening the door.

A chorus greeted him.

"Hello, Bill, where did y' git it?"

"What'll ye do with it?"

"Why, it's a Jap, ain't it?"

The bewildered Japanese stood at attention.

Then Mrs. Black stepped forward, wiping her hands on her apron, she held one out to him; which he took in both his, bowing very low, and introduced himself—

"Boku wa Sasaki Seikichi to you mono, desu, Dozo——"

Mrs. Black understood it was his introduction, but failed utterly in trying to repeat it, supposing the whole sentence to be his name.

"What's his name?" yelled the boys.

"Say it ma!"

"Ma, what is his name?" asked Johnny.

"Ask *him*," urged the teamster, laughing.

"Well, he can't talk English, and I ain't got time to say all that lingo, so we'll just call him Charlie anyway till we learn different." Ma Black was master of the situation.

She put her hand on his shoulder, and looking into his deep, black, questioning eyes, said slowly, "Charlie—Charlie—Charlie." "Now, men, he's named."

Charlie comprehended and repeated, bowing and smiling, "Shary, Shary,—hai—Shary," pointing to himself.

"All right, Charlie, come and eat," cordially invited Mr. Black.

Soon they were all at the supper eating as only hearty, hungry, working men do eat, Charlie mentally taking notes on table etiquette unawares.

After supper some of the men went downtown, but most of them did a few chores, then sat around reading or smoking until time to go to the bunkhouse nearby. Some of them went out and fixed up a fragrant hay bunk like their own for the new boy and—since it was autumn—discussed what blankets and clothing could be spared the summer-clad Jap. This was not so easy a task as might appear, since

nearly all the twenty were close to six feet tall, and Charlie scarcely taller than ten-year-old Johnny Black. Later Ma Black came to the rescue here also.

Charlie began to help clear off the table, when he noticed Mrs. Black pick up a shining pail and go out the kitchen door, he rushed after her, supposing she wanted water, and though all this is woman's work in Japan, his life as a sailor had taught him usefulness, and he felt grateful for his kind reception; so the shining pail was soon taken gently from Mrs. Black's astonished hand. They went silently on to the cow shed. Astonished, Charlie saw Mrs. Black get a three-legged stool, and with her head against the cow's warm flank and the pail between her knees, draw forth the steaming milk from the swollen udder, the cow calmly chewing her cud the while, after the first inquisitive sniff at the foreigner. Never had Seikichi known cows were milked before, such a thing was not done in his country.

The next in order was a young heifer who protested, to Mrs. Black's amusement, and Charlie's offended surprise, against the intruding, inexperienced hands of the latest addition to the milking force. However, an extra nubbin' or two quieted her, and the frothy, brimming pail was soon on the way to the kitchen. One could scarce tell who was happiest, Charlie over his new accomplishment or Ma Black because of her friendly ally. That night she graduated from the milking stool.

In the kitchen the dishes were quickly disposed of, fresh water brought in from the well, and a very tired, though very excited and grateful Japanese

curled up on the hay in the new bunk, and gazing through the bunkhouse window, at the full moon, sighed happily, "The honourable full moon shining through acaia trees is a good omen." "Itsu totemo Tsuki miru aki wa, nani mono wo wakite ko yoi nomezurashiki kana!" ("Every autumn we see the moon. But the moon *this* night, how wonderful!"), then dropped off to sleep, undisturbed by the deep, audible breathing of the monstrous men around him.

Mr. and Mrs. Black discussed this new problem awhile and the mother settled it by, "I shall keep him to help me, he is stronger than a woman and every bit as handy. I guess he needs a home too."

A few days later when the children came home from school and found Charlie still there helping mother, Johnny said, "Ma, you ain't goin' to keep that Jap around here, are you? I don't think we ought to have a *foreigner* around our house."

"Yes, sir; I am. Charlie stays right here as long as he wants to, and behaves himself—and you will be good to him, my son."

Later she took some scraps out when Johnny was feeding his rabbits, and had a few words with him about Charlie's homeless condition in a foreign land —and their responsibility as hosts—she rightly surmised that Johnny might be having his own troubles at school, over the situation, and she must put him wise.

It wasn't many days later that Johnny had the finest boat model ever floated on Lake Union, as well as some new puzzles—the envy of all the boys —and thenceforth Charlie was no more "foreigner"

to the boys, but a wizard much in demand for their necessities.

While busy about their work all day Mother Black taught English to Charlie. His insatiable ambition to learn it made her head ache. Especially when trying a new recipe, or serving a meal to an unexpected number of new men, as happened frequently, or when in desperate haste for a pail of water he would pause at the door to ask, "How you say—water, bring please?"

Her wonderful patience and good cheer were equal to the troublesome task, and the quiet voice repeated again, "Please bring a pail of water, Charlie," and the happy Charlie, jabbering gleefully, raced off to make up for lost time, and brought the water.

Mother Black had to set bread twice a week in a boiler kept only for that purpose. When they were busy kneading out the multitude of puffy loaves the English lessons were longest. She said afterwards that Charlie kneaded words into his brain as fast as his nimble fingers kneaded bread. He insisted on kneading with his fingers instead of his palms, and since the result was equal to hers, she let him do his own way. She found this a good rule in many services, and reasoned that her American ways must seem as awkward and trying to him as his oriental methods were to her. Since they were after results it really didn't matter that he struck a match *from* him, or sliced green beans lengthwise, or sprinkled clothes from his clean-washed mouth—a mouth kept clean, for he used no tobacco, and was devoted to his early morning tooth brush and salt gargle—"So

wasn't his mouth as clean as anyone's hands?" she asked. A sensible woman was Mother Black.

She was an earnest Christian also. Every Sunday her three children were sent to the nearest Sunday School. As often as possible she went with them, and Charlie must go too. All the men knew they could please her no better than by attending at least one service. In this motherly way she was quite a missionary. Fortunate indeed was the runaway Jap to have found such a home and such a mother. Two years he lived there. Many times during those years he had told the story of the terrible storm and the more terrible captain, when he and Jubei, knowing not the True God, believed in and tried to placate the Yayorodzu no kami—the eight million spirits of earth, air and sea, and believed in all the charms their grandmothers had taught them. When they had decided to cut the ship upon reaching port to escape another sailing with that commander they decided to separate for safety, further than that they had no plan, not knowing the country or the language. Jubei, perhaps too credulous for his race, thought he could best loose himself by changing into civilian clothes and a pretended debauchery in the Japanese quarters of the city.

Seikichi, spying the tree tops from the dock, chose to take his chances as far away from his own people and the ship as his short legs and that tall timber could take him. He had some vague notion it might take him into Canada.

He would change his name then and be safe. The opportune ride with Mr. Black's teamster changed not only his half-formed plan, but his whole life.

From these tales Mrs. Black understood it was not the lack of English alone which kept Charlie so close indoors those first weeks, nor was it the only reason why he reluctantly at first accompanied the children to Sunday School.

* * * * * * * *

One evening ten years later the *Times,* among other shipping news, announced the arrival of the *Kashima Maru* from Japan with three million dollars worth of silk and two million dollars worth of tea, with several millions of miscellaneous merchandise, not the least of which was soy bean oil worth thousands of dollars. Mrs. Black did not bother to read this interesting item, it was the usual cargo these days. Many changes had come to the city on the Sound, and in her home. But the next morning her doorbell rang. When she opened the door, there stood a handsome Japanese gentleman, faultlessly dressed, extending his hand for a welcome. Indeed she had to look twice before she was sure he was a Japanese——

"Mother Black!"

"Charlie!"

"I just returned on the *Kashima Maru* from a visit to Japan," he explained. "And couldn't pass through Seattle without looking you up. I wondered should I find you here, my mother, or would there be strangers in the house. It is God's blessing to see my good mother again."

"Yes, Charlie, I'm so glad to see you. There are many changes, but God is good; tell me where have you been all these years?"

"First I must thank you for making a Christian

man of me. Only such a mother as you could do that, I think. My gratitude shall never cease. My fleshly parents, also, whom I just left in Japan, wished to express their thanks by this very inadequate gift—please accept it."

It was a wonderful silver tea set.

During the day he told her of the different experiences that had been his since he left her home. Many trials, and fierce temptations, especially to forget the clean life, and the True God, but the memory of her life and her faith in him held him in the darkest hours.

Yes, his parents were still living in the Uji tea district, as when he had been with her, and he gave her some post cards showing the tea plantations and the beautiful old temples of Uji, and of the Korean pagoda, which they say fell in the river, and though it is made of stone, it floated and was fished out and set in its place again, he laughed,

"Do you know many of my people really believe such things as that for religious truth, so the pagoda is honoured."

On this trip he had been able to make such investments that his old parents would be comfortable the rest of their lives, and he added, wistfully, bashfully,

"I'd like to do the same for you, Mother Black. I don't want you to work any more, now the frost has fallen on your hair."

Mrs. Black assured him there was no work now. The teamsters all were gone, only Mary and she remained of the family, and they were well provided for——

"But what are you doing, Charlie, that you talk like a millionaire?"

"Well, soon after I left you my family in Japan began to send me tea from our farm to sell over here. Beginning in this small way, I am now owner of a large wholesale and retail tea store in Chicago, with branch stores in three other cities. It is not so bad for poor old Jap tramp sailor boy, is it?"

"It is because you befriended him and taught him everything good." "Oh, yes," replying to her question, "I am deacon in the church, with American men, there are not so many Japs in my part of Chicago. I teach a Sunday-school class of boys. My wife, who came from Japan, is quite a musician. She sings in the choir; she graduated from a mission school in Japan—I could have no other. My two children, Johnny and Mary, named for yours, Mother Black, are Americans. I am proud of that; they do not know the fear of the demons of earth and sea and air, and when they see pictures of idols and temples they say, 'Papa, how can such bright people as Japanese bow down to those foolish images?' They never think I am also Japanese. Well, I don't feel myself a Japanese, either. I have lived here so long and my home is here, all I have came through the kindness of American people, so I feel I must be American. Mother Black, my children know you too, your picture always hangs in our parlour."

When Mrs. Black told me this story she added, "I have always been glad I took Charlie in and kept him. It was good for him, it was good for me, too. Of course there were many very trying days before we learned each other's ways, and a common

language; perhaps they were as trying for him as for me. But I learned more sympathy with foreigners who come to our country. I learned so much about the Japanese people, and their country, I wish I could visit it; perhaps Charlie will take me the next time he goes across. And my experience made me realize some of the difficulties our missionaries have —until their eyes are opened to the good in Queer customs, and their tongues are unloosed in a new language. Best of all, I now understand why Jesus said, "Go into *all* the world and disciple all nations —for *all* are His lovable children."

V

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S NAMESAKE

Acclimating a Japanese Mother

BAGS and bundles stored in the rack, a new magazine in hand, I was congratulating myself on having a comfortable seat, with a four hours' ride of interesting, uninterrupted reading. I was a stranger in this part of my homeland. We are all selfish when on our vacation, aren't we?

Wondering how soon the train would start, I looked out the window toward the tower clock—and saw—before my eyes were raised to the tower—a Japanese man, carrying a tiny baby, getting on board.

The thing that astonished me most was the man's awkwardness with the baby. Usually Japanese men are most excellent nurses. Apparently they love babies very much. My interest and concern in this foreign stranger was more than shared by a Japanese man and his wife, with their baby, on the platform. They were giving the traveller volumes of advice in the care of his child.

"Where is baby's mother?" I wondered.

The man seated himself near the door when the train started. The little woman on the platform called back, "Be careful," and we were gone. My interested nose smelled a story.

Mrs. Kane Shinohara, the First "Mother" Baptized in Kizukawa, Osaka, Japan

Nothing in the world is so interesting as people. My magazine was quite forgotten. I wanted to know that man and baby. Often, in Japan, I had wondered how the Japanese fared in this country. How should I show my interest in a kindly way without becoming a fool to the rest of the car—or, more important, without having him shut his heart tighter than a clam shell against me?

In Japan I should not have hesitated ten minutes. But I was only recently from over there, and the few Japanese I had met here seemed so different—so indifferent to American advances and friendship, so apparently suspicious of us. I hesitated until a whole precious hour was lost. A great fear began to haunt me lest the man should get off before I had spoken.

Evidently baby had the gift of mind reading peculiar to his race. He took the matter upon himself —in a baby's own way—he began to cry.

I waited and watched, out of the corner of my eye. I gave the man his chance. The more he tried to soothe the child the more it cried. Not a person in the car offered to help him. Clearly it was nobody's business but mine. Surely the baby had called me, and I was glad.

"Pardon me," I said in Japanese, "may I help you with the baby?" (I had decided his own language should make its appeal to confidence.)

Fortunately the seat in front of him was empty. I turned it over and sat down facing him. Without a word, but looking volumes of astonishment (which made me laugh, as his countrymen say, in my stomach), he let me take the baby from his awkward arms.

I cuddled the dear little fellow Japanese fashion, and very softly crooned an old Japanese lullaby into his tiny pink ear. I hoped the rumble and clatter of the train drowned it to curious Yankee ears.

Baby's crying became fussy little whines as he nosed around for something which usually accompanies lullabies in baby land.

"Baby is hungry," I said to the man. "Have you a bottle of milk for him?"

We were talking in English now.

"Just now he fed, before got on train. We get Salem in two hours, I feed him there. Just like 'Merican baby, he wait two hours. I don't know why he cry now." The father's voice was weary and patient, and these were the first words he had spoken to me.

"Sometimes such a new baby needs milk oftener than two hours," I ventured, "and, you know, everybody gets hungry on the train."

The man was silent.

"What is baby's name?" I must get acquainted.

"Name Georgie."

I looked my surprise.

"Yes," he continued, "Japanese people in America take American names." Then half scornfully, "American people can't take such trouble to pronounce Japanese names." I felt humiliated at the truth of it—our names are hard for them, but——

"You know Georgie Washington?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed; is baby's name George Washington?"

"Yes, only we don't say Washington—just Georgie."

"But he has a Japanese name too, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes, Japanese name is Tanetaro."

Another long silence, and I began again.

"I must seem very rude, but I'd like to know your name also."

"American name John, Japanese name Matsumoto Chushi."

After another pause he began:

"How come you sing Japanese baby song? I tink no American can sing Japanese baby songs."

"Oh, that's easy, I like Japanese baby songs. My own babies were born in Japan. I learned the songs from the old Babos singing their babies to sleep, umbu," (on their backs) I said.

"Oh, that so, you live some time in my country? Where did you live?" The ice was broken at last.

I told him, and asked about his old home, and then—fearing he would say she was dead—I asked him—

"How is it you travel alone with the tiny baby? Where is baby's mother?"

His face instantly grew old and tired and ashy, as he leaned toward me and whispered in Japanese, "She is in asylum for insane folks in Salem."

"I am so sorry—when?—how?" I wavered——

"When baby came two months ago," he sighed.

Stories of superstitious fears of fox possession; of vengeful prayers of former lovers; of haunting by insufficiently placated deities—and other Japanese notions crowded through my mind, explaining his furtive glances and whispers, at the mention of insane.

I snuggled the now sleeping baby closer to me.

Poor little fellow, poor little mother, poor bewildered, hopeless husband—the horror of their condition overwhelmed me.

"Tell me, how long have you lived in America?"

"I come here eight years ago, but my wife, she come just one year ago now."

"No," in reply to further questions, "I did not go to Japan for her. My family and her family over there arranged marriage—you know our custom—she just come over on steamboat. I met her first time in Seattle, then we came here. But she got sick very soon. Do you think this country's climate no good for her?"

"O, no, the climate is all right. This coast is very much like Japan—don't you think so?" I assured him.

"Does she speak English?"

"No, she cannot only very little—just to buy something at grocery, perhaps."

"I think she became sick, then, because everything is so strange to her. She is troubled because she cannot understand nor speak English. American food, money, weights, measures and customs are all so different from Japanese—American people are all so much bigger, and our country is so noisy—I am afraid myself, sometimes. Then of course baby was coming and her own 'Babo' was far away. It must have been quite a trouble to make baby clothes in American fashion. She has made them beautifully, too."

"Yes, that's so, all is different."

"Yes, she very proud to make American baby clothes, all white and clean, so often she said. Quite

different from our custom of red, yellow, blue wadded first kimonos."

Then he told me of his work as a printer. Of his life before the girl wife came. He is thirty and she is nineteen. That he had only one trouble, that of language. It took such a long time to make American employers understand Japanese-English, and, perhaps, he had been impatient because the wife seemed slow in learning also. She had been an honour student in a government high school in Japan.

"Is she getting well in Salem?" I asked.

To myself I inquired, "Were I the bride of a man eleven years my senior, a stranger to me, a man so long absent from native land that he had become as a foreigner—even though he were kind—and I less than a year in a foreign land, and about to bear my first babe, whom I must dress and care for in a way unheard of by all the generations of my mothers—and in a house whose rooms compared to all I had known before were like prison cells—and with no female relative near, nor friend, only paid nurse, when those first strange experiences of motherhood came upon me, would not I, though a Christian woman, tremble for my reason? The wonder is not that her reason failed her—but that it has not failed many more of her countrywomen in America.

And how can she get well—even with the kindest of nurses, in an asylum, where in addition to all this everything is stranger still?

Oh, these little Japanese brides, used to the open air, the sunshine, the paper-walled rooms, the care-free lives, their only responsibility obedience to

the husband's experienced, though often exacting, mother! How hard for them must be our cold, stiff American ways!

"Yes," he replied in answer to my questions, "she is a little better. They thought if she see baby she will soon get well. So I bring baby to-day. To-morrow, Sunday, I have no work."

And here was George (Washington) Tanetaro Matsumoto, dressed in the dainty white American clothes she had made him. Nothing about him to remind the suffering mother of her homeland, and a real Japanese baby, except his shining black almond eyes, with their peculiarly Japanese twinkle.

How I wished for a long, soft, gay, padded, challie kimono, with a peach-shaped charm bag dangling from a yellow silk sash, a red fish rattle shaking in his chubby little hand, a gay coloured silk bib around his fat neck, and a wonderfully crocheted rainbow cap crowning his round black head.

Would she not welcome such a real baby with all the ecstasies of young motherhood?

But this changeling! Would he be able to clear up the clouded brain?

The train pulled in to Salem station. The father picked up his parcels. As he got off the train I handed him little George, still fast asleep. So grateful was the father for the friendship I had shown, that he almost dropped the baby in bowing, with fine old Japanese courtesy, to thank me.

I have wondered, oh, so many times, what happened at the asylum when Georgie and his little mother met. Did she know him? Did the joy of nursing him, cuddling him, lift the clouds from the

confused mind? Is she well and happy now in her own little home? Has the strange foreign land indeed become home? Is George Washington's namesake a toddler in his first trousers searching for cherry trees on which to try numberless new hatchets?

Six months later business called me to the city where "John C. Matsumoto, George W. Tanetaro Matsumoto and I had boarded the train together one summer day enroute south. After quite a search I found the house—he had moved from the address given me that day. A young man, evidently a student, opened the door and said, "Mr. Matsumoto is away at work—what is your errand?"

I merely said I had met Mr. Matsumoto when his wife was ill, and called to inquire about her health —and to see what a big boy little George had become—and had brought him a toy.

As we talked, a woman in the white garb of a nurse opened a door into the hall—in her arms was a fat eight months' baby boy—and over her shoulder inquisitively peered the uncomprehending eyes of the gentle, bewildered, young mother.

All my questions were answered but one—How long, O Lord, how long?

VI

MRS. TANEMURA'S TASKS

A Friend to Two Nations

THE story of Mrs. Tanemura's romantic life is well worth the telling. It began in Japan about fifty years ago, and is still going on in America, beautiful, helpful and inspiring to the nationals of both lands.

When Commodore Perry's commission landed in Japan certain houses of the better class were requisitioned by the Shogun as temporary homes for "our guests, these hairy (it was the time of big beards), green-eyed, monstrous barbarians from the west." One such house was owned by Mrs. Tanemura's father, the richest man in his town.

Now, Mrs. Tanemura's father was an exceedingly loyal Japanese, and he hated the "foreign fool." Just as soon as the last alien ship sailed away—with the "friendly agreement" in the commodore's cabin, Mr. Shirata tore down the house polluted by the "fools." He had the earth under the house dug out for a depth of six feet and the space filled in with new sand. Various weird incantations and religious rites were performed over the spot. Thus was the place cleansed from all evil which might have been brought by the hated outsiders.

How like the irony of fate that less than fifty years later his only daughter should love the land of the

Mrs. Erskine, Missionary, and a Group of Japanese Girls. Two Came to America, Were Helped by Mrs. Tanemura and Married Christians

"barbarians," and the barbarians themselves, and become one of the most popular of her countrywomen in their land! But thereby hangs this tale.

With the opening of Japan to the Western world, the abolishing of the feudal system, the introduction of modern western ways of business, education and materialism, Japan became a changed country. Many fine old families, unable to adjust themselves to the new order, were reduced to poverty. Many fine old folks, rebelling at the change, died broken-hearted, or took their own lives. Of these were Mrs. Tanemura's parents.

Their sons, having been killed in the rebellion of 1868, the little daughter, orphaned and alone, was picked up by a kind person on the lookout for homeless girls, and educated in one of the very first mission schools opened in the country. When graduated, she was married to Mr. Ota, a minister of the new religion.

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Mr. Ota's mother knocked the ashes from her long-stemmed, thimble-bowl pipe, rapping sharply on the edge of the wooden brazier; drew a deep breath and squared herself far back in between her heels, like a boneless body. Mr. Ota's wife knew the time of her judgment had arrived.

"Oh, God, strength and patience," she wirelessed; then without outward sign quietly waited, sewing steadily on the kimono she was making for her husband.

"If you must go to America," began the old woman querulously, "as you say, to earn money for this family, why can't my honourable son go too?

I don't believe you told me your real motive in going. If it were not for the nursing my son needs, I'd divorce you instantly."

"Oh, mother, never mind, let her go, she thinks it is necessary," protested the son. "I dare say we can manage without her, since she is taking Shotaro with her."

"Taking Shotaro, my only grandson! I should say not," screamed the mother. "The light of my life, the family remnant. Son, how can you consent to such rashness?"

"Well, mother," peevishly, "why discuss this thing again? You know I am too weak to work; my doctor's bills flourish like mushrooms. If Shotaro stays here, how shall he attend school? He cannot work. It would disgrace us to live by a child's labour. I am care enough for you. Let the boy go with his mother."

"But why should she go, that's what I want to know——"

"You heard the reason many times. She has been offered a good chance in America, as midwife where there are many Japanese women who cannot speak English, so they must have a nurse from their own country. The compensation is double that she gets here. Shotaro can attend school there, and learn English. When they return he will be a great teacher of English here, perhaps in the great university. It is a good plan."

"But there are folks who say she is lying to you. She is leaving you because you have tuberculosis, my son."

"Mother, such tales are lies! I'm surprised you

believe them. I have not tuberculosis. I will soon be well of this bronchial throat. Doctor Ishii said so. If I have plenty of milk and eggs and other things I shall soon be strong. My wife will send plenty of money for these things—and you can have a new Obi too, and a new silver pipe. Mother, why won't you believe *us* instead of the old, jealous gossips? My, how it hurts my throat to whisper so much!" and he laid back exhausted by a fit of coughing.

But the mother kept on——

"Son, it is the retribution of Amida. Your apostasy from the true Light of Asia brings all this trouble upon us. Return to the true faith and the great Buddha will bless you with health and prosperity. The priest of the Kwannon temple said yesterday, 'Mrs. Ota, it has been a long time since the temple received a *Worthy* gift from you. The Wonderful Buddha cannot bless a stingy soul. How can you hope to prosper if you do so forget the Shakamune?'

"Of course, son, it is easy to see that your sickness and our poverty is Buddha's punishment—heavy upon us," she wailed as she slipped the rosary from her wrist, rubbing the beads between her palms, mumbling, "O Wonderful, Wonderful One," the old body lurching prostrate in her sorrow.

After several moments of ecstatic devotion she resumed: "It is better to return to your father's temple than to permit the wife's going to America for gold. Are there not ways other than by nursing she could get money here? There are rich men here but"—whirling in anger to face the silent daugh-

ter—" don't you see how my son eats your mistaken and wilful notions to the trouble of us all. Why can't you obey the age-old customs for daughters-in-law, and obey your husband's mother? You child picked up by a stranger! I have no more to say."

She refilled and relit the tiny pipe, smoking her three puffs many times in injured silence. It is bitter indeed when new ideas of morality conflict with old customs.

Presently the daughter-in-law arose, folded her sewing, and went to the kitchen to prepare and serve their frugal supper. The man, weary, and loving the gentle ministrations of his thoughtful wife, half believed his old mother was right, and sighed " Komarimasu." ("I am troubled.")

A few days later, Mrs. Ota, in her quiet way, brought in a wicker telescope from the great closet and filled it with things for little Shotaro, and her own clothing and books. Careful was she not to take a single kimono received from Mr. Ota's mother. As for the bedding needed in the third-class bunks of the steamer, it was made from cast-off clothing, lest the old woman should feel herself robbed.

The day after that, with the mother's bitter words still burning her ears, she and Shotaro sailed away. Only the kind heavenly Father, whom she trusted, knew the leaden load of her heart because of the neighbours' gossip, the old mother's sharp tongue, the husband's frail condition, the care for the only son, and the responsibility and duty to earn the living for them all in an unknown and alien land.

Well for her that Shotaro was a live boy, shouting with excitement over the wonder of the big

steamboat, its many people of many races and dresses, the thumping of the engines, the sweating, half-naked stokers, looking like devils feeding the fires of hell, the chugging, whirling piston, the tons of freight, being derricked, creaking into the yawning hold; learning the hour by the ship's clanging bells, the mystery of the ghostly fogs, and the terror of the screaming fog siren. Shotaro had not one idle day in the two weeks crossing the Pacific, nor, thanks to him, had his sometimes protesting mother.

And, after the first good look onto the land, as the steamer swung to the San Francisco moorings, he shouted, "Oh, mother, is America the land of giants! Everything is so big and grand!"

A land of giants it proved, indeed, for brave little Mrs. Ota.

Fortunately she found work readily enough, as had been promised by the Japanese doctors, and she delighted in it. Friends found her a good home in a mission building, and soon the whole Japanese community was being mothered by her. But for her —where was there a mother?

Nearly two years of conquering giants for herself and others passed. Every month two-thirds of her earnings had gone across the water. Often she wondered if the money bought her husband the food he needed, or did the superstitious mother give it into the hands of the grasping priests? Often she longed for true knowledge of her husband's condition. Did he gain the strength he often wrote of in spite of the doctor's gloomy predictions? Was his improvement commensurate with her sacrifice? Desperately she often longed for him.

One day as she boarded an incoming ship to assist the newly arriving Japanese girls, as was her custom, the first person she met was—Mr. Ota!

"My dear husband! Are you truly well? I am so glad you could come!" And for the first time in two years the immigrant girls had to land without a chaperone. But one close scrutiny into the sick man's face told the whole story to his intuitive wife.

Of course Mr. Ota, though in some inscrutable way he had escaped the really unescapable vigilance of the Japanese health officers, was too worn by the trip to pass by the port officers, so was forbidden to land. Tuberculosis is forbidden by the laws of both countries on shipboard. Now the disappointment of deportation caused a total collapse. In the midst of nursing him, Mrs. Ota made preparations to take him back home.

She learned that gossip persisted she had deserted him, and that the money sent was earned by her unfaithfulness (how else could she send him so much and also support herself and son? they asked), until the man, goaded to desperation, had dared to go to her to learn the truth.

The ship was in port just one week. When it sailed, Mrs. Ota and Shotaro were caring for a man so ill that he only survived because of his dread of a burial at sea.

When they landed in Yokohama the little boy was no less delighted with the little bowing jinrikisha men than he had been with the big things in America. It was a delight to be addressed as "Little Master." Sure it has turned older heads! He was a hero

among the boys—until they discovered he had forgotten much of his native tongue—but he told such tales that to this day I doubt not they believe America is a land of baseball, holidays, ice cream, picture shows and money.

The New Year's festival was just over when they landed. In March, during the cold, bleak blizzard days, the aged mother, followed closely by the frail son, passed away. The mother was claimed, with all her good clothing, to pay their fees, by the temple priests; but the son, being a Christian, was refused a burial place beside her—not so could their grounds be polluted. Mrs. Ota was glad, for this one more conflict helped obtain a place for a Christian cemetery. It was her sorrow that the mother could not also have been a Christian.

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When they were once again in San Francisco Shotaro confessed in confidence that engines with bells and autos that honk are much to be preferred to o-jing-ing jinrikisha men—"they go faster and make much more noise!" he said, and so proved himself quite American.

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In the home of a wealthy merchant friend in Los Angeles, Mr. Tanemura saw the photograph of Mrs. Ota. He liked it, he was charmed by the story of her sacrificial fidelity. The friend's wife was one whom she had assisted in metamorphosing into American ways in San Francisco. A few days later saw him there armed with letters of introduction, and a determination to win her for himself if possible.

Mr. Tanemura is a handsome man, he could easily pass for a royal prince; in fact he is not far removed from the peerage. Many years of successful business in America, also, made him a man hard to refuse.

Just when Mrs. Ota was very tired with the daily strain of many duties, and very anxious about Shotaro—he was getting too lively for her—he needed a good, strong father—Mr. Tanemura came. Shotaro needed not to be wooed—why should his mother hesitate? Perhaps this was God's answer to her prayers for Shotaro's future, though it came not in the manner of the asking. Friends approved most heartily, so directly they were married, and on their way to Mr. Tanemura's home in the north.

Would that I could end the tale here with the old adage, "And they were happy ever after"—but, no, there were still more giants for the daughter of the barbarian hated to conquer, in the land of the barbarians. The lives of some women are so full of living their story cannot stop on their wedding day.

As their auto stopped in front of his mansion the door opened and Mr. Tanemura's pretty ward ran down the steps shouting gladly, "Welcome home, uncle; welcome, auntie; welcome, Shotaro. See I know your name already. I'm so glad to have a brother! I may call you auntie, may I not, it is more affectionate than to say Mrs. Tanemura?" wistfully——

"Certainly—I hope we shall love each other dearly, I——"

"Now, Mrs. Tanemura, please make yourself and Shotaro at home; this is home, sweet home, now you

have come. Yuri and I are glad to have a mother in the house, né, Yuriko?" cried the happy husband.

"I will be the best mother I can, but be patient till I have learned all your favourite dishes, and all the rooms in this great house. Yuriko, I am so glad to find a daughter here; I've always needed a daughter, and you certainly are very lovable." And she settled herself happily in an easy chair while she removed her wraps with Yuri's assistance, and they laughed at Shotaro's antics before the pier glass.

Visions of restful, quiet, homey days, with no enforced outside work, blotted out all the strenuous past as she breathed a tiny thankful thought to God. "Shotaro is with me lest I forget," was an oft-recurring thought during the long, joyous honeymoon.

And now Mrs. Tanemura's problems were quite different. So popular was Mr. Tanemura that the newlyweds were feasted and fêted everywhere, from their own government's officials, and the Chamber of Commerce, down to the little children of the mission kindergarten. Soon it was not for Mr. Tanemura alone that the postman's whistle blew so often. And Mrs. Tanemura soon found that the responsibilities of the rich are as arduous as the duties of the working woman, if the rich one is a Christian woman.

There was a Ford for Mr. Tanemura's business trips, and a fine limousine for Mrs. Tanemura and her friends. By and by she changed this for a big touring car, because she could take in more people.

In this new life of luxury she never forgot the incoming girls and women from Japan. No ship anchored long before her big car parked beside the

dock. Many a frightened girl found her first home in America in Mrs. Tanemura's hospitable home, and there learned her first lessons in Americanization. Many a wondering child coming across to join parents already here had its disappointment tears thrilled away by that first spin in the Overland, while the parents were being telephoned of its safe arrival. And young men, ready at last to make a home in this adopted land, came asking assistance in finding a Christian wife, and were not disappointed if they were worthy.

So many Japanese men taught by their old religions, or their grandfathers', that a man may be his own religion, or his own god, guided by his own conscience—yet half doubting, consider, perhaps, a Christian wife a kind of fetish against failure, misfortune, and the all too common, among un-Christians, divorce court. And so it came to pass that Mrs. Tanemura found herself quite as busy with beautiful, helpful, or tragic tasks for others as Mrs. Ota had been.

The W. C. T. U. elected her president. Her church appointed her deaconess, the factory girls called her "mother," the immigration agent laughingly, but appreciatingly called her chief assistant, and the society folks showered invitations upon her, and coveted hers in return. To herself she often said, "I'm the happiest woman in the world."

But even happy women have sorrows, sometimes.

"You will go to church with me to-day, husband, will you not?" It was the usual Sunday morning, after-breakfast call.

"We are to have especially nice things to-day, the

kindergarten children will sing, and there will be grand choir music, beautiful flowers, and a great message from Dr. Motoda, of New York. It will be a happy day, do come."

"Haven't I told you before it's no use asking me, I don't want to go. I'm shut in the office of that old factory all week. I want one day for pleasure—I want one day outdoors."

"But church is pleasure, dear, if you would only come and see. Surely one hour a week is not too much to spend with God's people."

"I have no time."

"It is God's day—six days are yours—and some day God will ask you—how——"

"Gosh, are you a preacher?"

She had never talked so long in this way to her husband, and was frightened now at her own boldness. A little thought prayer for the right words winged its way to God.

"I don't want to be," she answered him gently, "but if you will hear no other——"

He jerked out the Sunday paper and hid himself behind it in his easy chair, as if the matter were settled. It was difficult to proceed, but she must.

"Husband, if you would only come we would be a united family, and so happy."

"Well," he growled, "if you would stop going, wouldn't that unite the family? In Japan the wife obeys—over here she—acts like a monkey! Don't you see how much pleasanter for me it would be if you would go to the picnics and tennis parties with me on Sundays than always to your old church?"

As it is I have to *make* Yuriko go along, and a hard enough time I have to keep her from church too."

"Yes, of course I want Yuriko to go with me to church, she did not tell me you were keeping her from it." Then falling on her knees by his chair, "Oh, husband, you do believe in the Christian's God, don't you? I have heard you tell other men our Japanese god stories are myths. You *know* there is only one God, and Jesus is His Son, our Saviour—"

"I'm likely to tell a man whatever will please him if it gets us his business."

"Oh, but answer me true, you do believe Christ is the only Saviour, don't you?"

"I don't know that a man needs a saviour, why should he? A saviour from what?"

"A saviour from sin, of course, to save us from committing sin, to forgive us and intercede with God for us when we do sin—when we forget to obey——"

"I am not a sinner. I need no saviour. I have committed no murder, I am loyal to the American government, and to my own Emperor; I pay all my business taxes; you nor anyone else dare not call me a sinner!"

"I know according to our Japanese cult you are not a sinner, but the Christian Bible says, "all unrighteousness is sin." It is unrighteous, isn't it, to receive all of God's blessing—life, health, prosperity, —and give nothing in return? God asks you to give Him yourself."

It was so hard to talk to a man whisperingly reading his morning paper, his face totally eclipsed by it; and a man, too, usually kind and affectionate.

She paused for an answer, there was none.

"Of course, by our ancient Japanese standards you are all right, but that is not the Christian way. It is newer, better, happier. You would have only a Christian wife, only Christian employees, only Christians to build your house—why are you not a Christian, too?"

"Well, this palaver has lasted long enough. I don't want to be a Christian. That's all there is to it."

"Please let me ask you just one more question—Why don't you want to be a Christian?"

Mr. Tanemura slammed down his paper, wheeled round in his chair, got up, stretched himself, yawned, took out his silver cigarette case, stepped to the mantel, struck a match, then turned, took a few puffs, and swelling up said haughtily—Mrs. Tanemura now stood facing him—"Because, if you must know, Mrs. Tanemura, if you really insist, it is because I am too proud to be a Christian!"

"Too proud?" she murmured, questioningly.

"Yes, too proud, that is what I said. Just name the upper class, wealthy Japanese men of our set who belong to that sect, will you? You can count them on your fingers! We are too proud, we need no religion—women may need it, men do not."

"Too proud of what?" humbly she asked, not removing her searching eyes from him. She was getting answers to questions which had caused her many sleepless nights, and worried days.

"I wonder, too proud of what?" she whispered, as if trying to think it through for herself.

"Oh, rot! must I call you Tempo—sen (less than a cent) and explain everything?" irritably. "I want

this to be the last time this matter is mentioned between us, so I might as well go on. We men are too proud to seem so poor as Christians are compelled by their religion to be. You know we Japanese men, and many Americans, too, believe me,—only they don't like to confess it,—like a big house, several of them, fine clothes, for ourselves and our families, the more diamonds our wife wears the better is our business advertised. We like our wine, cigars, theatre, games, outings, and women, lots of women, fine, young peppy ones—it takes lots of money to have all these things, so when we do have them men rate us up in about seven figures, anyway,—isn't it a success to be proud of? A Christian has a mind too narrow for such a life.

"Now, Mrs. Preacher, since you won't go with me and my gay friends to the mountains to-day, you may trot along to your little church and pray for us, Sayonara."

Laughing scornfully, he swaggered out and down the stairs. At the front door he paused and called back:

"Yuriko, Yuri, are you ready to go with me? We've lost a lot of time now, we'll have to speed until a cop shows up, or we'll never catch the crowd. Hurry up!"

Yuri, pale as a ghost—she had heard the conversation—but beautiful as her lily namesake, in her new white wool suit, slipped trembling out of the parlour and through the door he held open for her.

"Ah, Yuriko, except for your American dress," he laughed, "one would call you a lady of old Japan, you are so obedient—what a wife you'll be for some

man over there!" He knew, and so did she, what such obedience was costing her. But having yielded once, she knew not, now, how to disobey.

Staggering to the window, Mrs. Tanemura saw them enter her own big car and whirl away down the street. The sun went behind a cloud, a cold hand clutched at her heart-strings. Happiness had gone, the most hideous skeleton that haunts a home closet rattled its bones at her. She threw on a coat, then knelt for a long familiar talk with her God; He had never failed her yet, He could not fail now in her desperate need. She did not forget to thank Him that Shotaro had gone with a bunch of boys to Sunday School, instead of waiting for her, as usual, so he need never know.

When strengthened, she drove alone in the Ford to her church. Thankful that the congregation was standing to sing the second hymn as she took her place among them almost unnoticed, beside her loyal son.

"Misfortunes never come singly," says the American proverb. "Even Confucius had his troubles," is its Japanese equivalent, "Koshi mo toki ni awazu." And only the Christ promise, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," sustained Mrs. Tanemura during the trying days that followed. Her husband's confession gave her the clue to many things which had recently confused her. It remained now for her to indeed open her eyes—and wonder at her own years of blissful blindness. Yuri's refusal to enter heartily into Christian interests, her growing indifference to the home, her wish to avoid callers, her frequent illnesses, were partly explained. The fact

that two of the girls from the factory, formerly attending mission classes, were no more in either place, troubled her intensely now. Yuri had mentioned them as coming to the Sunday picnics, with some of the factory superintendents. Mrs. Tanemura wondered if she *must* attend one of these Sunday outings in order to know whether it was safe for the girls. Heretofore she had only protested that it kept them from church. She must also be careful lest her motive be attributed to jealousy of Yuri instead of yearning for her. But this was not all——

Shotaro came rushing into the house one Monday soon after that memorable Sunday, "Mother, mother, John Sato said he saw Dad riding in our big car yesterday with an American woman. Yuri was along too, and another man, and they were all tipsy!"

"Hush, Shotaro, you must not talk so, you must not believe all John Sato says, he gets excited sometimes, and talks big."

"But, mama, I was going to fight him for saying it, when he said it ain't the first time he's seen that white woman with our men, and he asked, does she work in our factory? She don't, does she?"

"No, of course not, but, son, I suppose Johnny had a magnifying glass, don't you, to tell a white woman from a Japanese when they dress just alike, and are whizzing past in a motor car? Anyway, papa has many American friends, and should Johnny make remarks if papa takes them for a ride in his car, whose car is it, Johnny?"

Friday Mr. Tanemura said, "I am leaving Sunday for Japan. You must come to the office and learn

to manage it in my absence. Urgent business calls me away. Pack me a steamer trunk and two suit cases, that is all I shall need. Can you put my tall silk hat in the steamer trunk? I have to have it over there to be really dressed, you know,—and my frock coat——," after a pause. "Yuri will go with me. She will remain over there, so pack all her things and get a new outfit out of the store, the best there is. Shotaro, you'll have to be the man of the house and look after your mother."

"But how can I learn the business and do all the packing in two days?" asked Mrs. Tanemura. "Can you not possibly wait for the next ship?"

"No, I can't. Get your hat and we'll go to the office immediately. Yuri, come along and get your things, anything you want, don't stop at cost. You must look the grand lady niece of mine to the folks over there; come on, make your guardian proud of you."

No matter how many questions she wished to ask, Mrs. Tanemura's whole attention must be given to the business. Before the Japanese community Mrs. Tanemura was the same happy woman they had known all the years of her life among them. Only the faithful bookkeeper and Mrs. Tanemura knew and hid in their hearts the terrible cost of Mr. Tanemura's life of pride. Only they knew why Yuri would never return. Only they knew how it came that the city papers boasted that the "eminently successful manufacturer, Mr. Tanemura, was crossing over for a few weeks' filial visit to his aged parents, in Tokyo, and his beautiful ward, Yuri Ko, accompanying him, was betrothed to a lawyer in the

capital." They knew, too, that the characterless American woman was on board, too, as a friend of Yuri's.—And Mr. Tanemura's friend.

One day the bookkeeper said simply, "Sister, the Scriptures do not require so much sacrifice of you."

She answered quickly, positively, "I require it of myself, some day he will return. God will give him perhaps then one more chance, and there is Shotaro, he must not know until he is strong in Christ; he is only a boy now."

With her devotion to business it seemed that Mrs. Tanemura must give up outside duties, some one else must meet the incoming steamers, with their timid, half-frightened girl brides-to-be; some one else must teach them how to be good Christian women in an alien land; some one else must take the time to show them what to buy, and how to wear it, of American clothing. Some one else must push the W. C. T. U.; ah! prohibition was so important for the Japanese, they were too fond of their cups; and now, during the war, who would lead the Red Cross work among her people, if she dropped it? And she must keep the Home Fires Burning for Shotaro and for the truant husband, who would surely return before the New Year holidays. "Yet," she reasoned, "if I do less than usual people may suspect something is wrong, they must love my husband as they always have done, and a queer light glinted in her deep black eyes, and a queer little half smile on her Fuji shaped red lips kept it company, as she sighed, remembering, "We men are too proud." Ah, yes, but what about "WE WOMEN?"

So all the old obligations were met. American

society women, coveting an invitation to the brilliant receptions at the Japanese consul, first cultivated Mrs. Tanemura's friendship and soon cultivated her with higher motives—her secretary was busy enough for two, she thought. American educationalists and social workers frankly confessed their missions of whatever nature were impossible of success without her consideration—and sometimes her money. So, as usual, she went on day by day, meeting the young, the old, the happy, the sad, the sick, the well, always she had time to weep or to laugh, to reprove or to comfort, there was no change in the friend they had always known.

Shotaro gleefully ran down to the office straight from school. When he hadn't more important boyish things on hand he delighted in nosing around the factory, soon declaring he could make gloves with any of them, if they'd only give him a chance. He declared cafeteria dinners downtown with mother were "way beyond" anything home cooking could do, and when a good movie followed it, ah! that was living to Shotaro. Great cronies were Shotaro and his mother. But Shotaro did not know the price she paid for the hours of fun with him. Did not know that her day always began at four o'clock, and only *apparently* ended with his own.

* * * * * * * *

"The *Shinyo Maru* is due to-morrow. I think father will be on it. Shotaro, will you bring the big car to the office after school, we will go to meet him——"

"What time—How did you hear?"

"It is due at six o'clock in the evening—perhaps

we will have dinner aboard—that will be fun, won't it?"

"Hurrah!—Banzai! I'm your man!"

"You sure are," replied his mother.

"Are what?"

"Why what you said, 'my man,' of course," she laughed at him.

"Aw, mama, you—say, mama, Dad's been away so long, I s'pose he's forgot his English—like Kichi Ito. Oh, wasn't it funny, he'd say, 'Gimme empitsu,' when he wanted a pencil, and 'damoe,' for 'no good,' and, say, mama, I'd better hunt up some Japanese, I sure don't know very much—blame the American schools, mama, they take the JAP all out of a fellow—you know (seriously), mama, I never feel I'm anything but American till some smart kid yells out, 'Hello, Jap, when d'je land?' Then I want to jump in and lick 'em, and say, 'call me Jap again an' I'll show you where to get off. I'm no more Jap than you are!' Mama, is it wrong to feel that way?"

"Oh! you boy," she laughed at him. "We'll talk that over later, you won't forget the car?"

"Yes, I'll bring the car,—let me see, how do I say for 'how-do-you-do?' Oh, yes, 'Shibaraku,' I guess, only that means 'It's a long time since,'—funny isn't it? It's a wonder that the Japs ever understand themselves! Sayonara, mother, I'll ask you some more LANGUAGE to-night!" and he bounded out the door with a yell at a passing chum. He knew his mother laughed when he tried to talk Japanese. But only God knew what a joy he was

to her, and how she prayed that only the best of two nations would go into his make-up.

The *Shinyo Maru* came in according to schedule. Mrs Tanemura, Shotaro, and a host of friends were on the dock to meet the returning traveler. Friends nearly carried Mr. Tanemura to his own car. Shotaro's face clouded, he was thinking of the lost dinner on board the ship. He soon smiled, however, when the train of autos whirled up to the New Washington Hotel for a reception banquet provided by the Japanese Chamber of Commerce. Shotaro was game where East led.

Most felicitous speeches were exchanged between the members of the American clubs and the Japanese, and eternal friendship assured, as usual on such occasions, and Mr. Tanemura felt himself duly and properly welcomed home again, and certainly the wine and food did taste delicious, and turning to the white woman who sat on his left, he confessed, "It's all right to go to the old country for a visit, but for sheer joy of living, give me 'good old U. S. A.'"

"Why, Mr. Tanemura! I'm surprised at you," she said, "I thought, once a Japanese, always a Japanese."

"It all depends on the Japanese," was his laughing reply.

After a few days of looking things over, Mr. Tanemura praised his wife's business ability, raised the bookkeeper's salary—and insisted that they keep on as if he had not returned. "The business is growing fine, I knew you could do it, your life before I found you proved you could make a success of anything you tried, if you only tried hard

enough. Really," after a pause in which his wife had not replied, "Really, I guess that is why I married you, I felt I would not be a success without you."

Then she kissed him lightly on the back of his neck, saying, "You will have to help me make it a success, I can't do it alone." She was not deceived, neither was she flattered. In her heart she said, "for Shotaro's sake." And she carried on, only Mr. Tanemura was manager, as before, though now her plans prevailed, instead of his. And always she prayed for the day when he would be the man she thought she had married. Never did she doubt that day would come.

Somewhere in Japan the white (?) woman who had troubled her, who had accepted her husband's diamonds, had been shaken off, or had found others more to her cosmopolitan taste, Shotaro's mother did not trouble to inquire. (Queer, there is no race prejudice in evil, either.)

Then came the day of the terrible accident, a pleasure boat wrecked off the coast in a fog; several were lost. For a time it was thought Mr. Tanemura, too, could not recover, so long had he been in the water.

"Oh, merciful God," prayed the woman who could not give up, "spare him just a little while, until he shall repent and confess his sins, make him accept Christ his Saviour. Oh, God, just a little more time, he has wandered so far away. But he will come if You only give him a little more time—I cannot let him die in his sins. Oh, help us all to say the right words, dear Lord."

God heard, and the injured man heard also. A trembling hand faltered and fell on the bowed head of the woman who prayed. The minister, watching on the other side of the bed, knelt and prayed silently. Quickly the woman arose, laid her cheek against the man's, her arm slipped under his head, and her eager eyes read his soul, as he breathed, "Forgive me—I do believe—I am sorry—pray,—pray,—pray——"

And now if you visit the coast and ask for the very best Japanese family here, everyone will answer "the Tanemuras, of course." Mr. Tanemura's favourite proverb is "Hitotsu nabe no mono wo kuu"? "Now we all eat from the same kettle," Shotaro translates it into English, for you, adding naively, "Dad was so long in Japan that he really picked up quite a bit of the language!" Shotaro is only a school boy yet, but the time will come when he will enter a college of his mother's church and become a minister as was his own father. How do I know this? Mrs. Tanemura is praying for it, that is sufficient to bring it to pass.

And still the good mother sings, as she goes about all her never-ending, arduous tasks, "I am the happiest woman in the world, for, as for me, I will call on the Lord, and He shall save me. Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and call aloud, and He shall hear my voice. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."

Fifty years ago, or more, her father had purified his home with the only rites he knew, from its contact with "foreign fools" who came not at his bidding, so in like faith his own daughter, by Christian

prayer, has purified her home, in the land of those "foreign fools," from the pollutions of sin which came not at her invitation. And the way of success she learned from those "fools" who knew it was worth while to provide Christian education for little Japanese girls.

In her home the people of the two nations meet as one, it is a true golden-rule gate between East and West—and if she ever reads this tale I have written, I hope she will forgive me, if I have told it too frankly, because I love her and know she should be praised for all her loving tasks.

As for Yuriko, in her heart pure as the flower whose name is hers, Lily, type of the daughters of old Japan, soon after landing in Yokohama, a very convenient, though obscure, relative from a very remote interior town met her, and until her child was three months old it was reported everywhere that for health's sake she was visiting in the country. Then the convenient relative adopted, for a consideration, the child. Yuriko came to the capital, was welcomed into her own circle, and soon became the bride of a wealthy banker. Whether he knew of the child no one cared to ask, it would not have caused any comment either way. But after Mr. Tanemura recovered from his accident, and became the man his wife had been praying for, it was reported that, since Shotaro was such a big boy, and would soon be going to college, the house would seem quite too lonely without a child in it, so negotiations were on for the adoption of a dear little girl from interior Japan, into the home of the Tanemuras. The con-

venient relative, again, for a consideration, kindly proving himself true to all the traditions of his people, and another task of love is listed on Mrs. Tanemura's schedule.

VII

"PARADISE LOST" AND "REGAINED"

A Christian Mission's Convert

JAPANESE JIM shuffled up to the bar in the Los Angeles Pool Hall and slammed his coin down, with a growl, to the fat girl behind it.

"Mo ippai." (One more—full.)

The slovenly Japanese maid filled his beer glass and leaned across the bar, as she plumped it down, leering into his face. "Youse most ippai yourself, Jim!"

"W'at's it to youse?" growled Jim. His unsteady hand lifted up the glass; the girl leaned farther across the bar. "Got any more money, Jim?"

Jim scorned her with an American oath, emptied the glass, shuffled across the dirty floor, crumpled up in a creaking chair by an unwiped table and buried his face in his arms.

The girl slouched from behind the bar, with the movements of a heavy cat, and put her arms around Jim's neck, trying to coo softly.

Jim jerked away from her, swearing by all the gods of the heathen that "Jigoku" (hell) was too good for her.

A shout of laughter from another unkempt maid just emerging from the rear room startled them.

"Go way back, Sally!" she called. "Jim's busted

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—that's why cross. Don't you know he lost every game this week? Where been your eyes?"

The Japanese men at the pool tables made light comments, but went on with their game. The girls, now behind the bar, began to chatter softly the latest Japanese gossip. How wretched the girls looked! Their tight blouses, skimpy skirts and high-heeled shoes most shamelessly caricatured their corsetless figures, as the abnormal life of the pool hall had most shamelessly caricatured their once pretty faces and innocent souls. The oriental has a passion for pool halls.

At the unusual sound of singing in the street, Jim raised his head, the girls rushed to the door and the players at the tables stood a moment with suspended cues. Jim shuffled and stumpled on out into the street. He leaned back against the house for support.

"What kind of singing is this?"

A dozen young people, mostly Japanese, had stopped right on Jim's corner and were holding a little Christian song service. Drunk though he was, Jim was impressed with their bright, clean appearance. "Jesus songs," some passerby answered.

"Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus just now!" they sang. Jim didn't know what it meant, only they wanted him to "come," and when they turned and went into the newly opened mission hall, Jim was one who followed, waveringly, stupidly. The invitation card some one handed him he thought was a ticket of admission.

One of the fat pool hall girls shouted to the play-

ers: "Oh, look! look! ha! ha! Jim's joined the procession!"

Jim heard, but he didn't care; he wanted to hear more singing and he knew he had been invited somewhere by clean looking boys.

Such was Jim's introduction to the Christian mission. Arrived at the hall, the quick hands of his countrymen, who had seen him staggering, guided him into a rear room, gave him a drink of hot, strong coffee, and cared for him until he was sober and until he slept.

The pool hall folks began to miss Jim after this and the mission workers began to know him. Jim didn't tell why he came, only he wanted to hear the singing; it was so different, so happy; it compelled him to come. Then he learned of the night school and old ambitions, long forgotten, awoke and urged Jim to bestir himself. He came every night; no student was more diligent. During the day he worked in a laundry, and before long he became a brave recruiter of other men for the mission school.

Then the new building for the mission was completed and the school moved. It was in a semi-residence district, quite remote from the place of Jim's dissipated life. Jim roomed in the new dormitory. He confessed Christ, but, for a reason he would not tell, postponed the time of his baptism. A great fight Jim put up against old sins, and it was easier to be good in the new building, where the Christians were like one big, happy family. After the work and heat of the day one could climb up to the roof garden there, though the great city lay all around, see the green things growing, feel the soft

evening breezes and watch the sunset and the evening stars. To not keep in touch with nature is for a Japanese to lose his soul. But one of the strongest ties between Jim and the mission was the kindergarten children. These he saw in the Bible School, —clean, bright, pure children; Jim trembled when he touched them.

The queen of the children was Kimi Ko, queen of Jim's heart, too. She just shone sunshine every day and everywhere. The first day they came into the new mission building, Kimi Ko looked all around, then said brightly:

"Yes, I like this place; God is here, too." It was Kimi Ko's chatter, as well as her smile, Jim liked, and it was Kimi Ko who led Jim to her own dainty home and to her father. And this home, with its clean walls and flowers, bright pictures, snowy table linen, neat beds and the laughing baby in its toddling-chair, was the first one Jim had been welcomed into in this land. Poor Jim! The ghost of what might have been troubled him for the first time in his life; and, taking little Kimi Ko on his lap, Jim would beg for the song, "He included me," and at the end he'd never fail to add in awe, "He included me, too, a drunken Japanese."

Blue devils are supposed to attend only white folks, but evidently there is no race prejudice among them. One Sunday afternoon, when the young folks were enjoying the music and reading rooms, the missionary crept up to the roof garden for a moment's rest and prayer before the evening services. She stumbled upon Jim sitting dejectedly alone. She sat down beside him on the garden seat, wondering what

had happened. It was an hour and a place for confidences. The sounds of the city were softened by the height of the building, and the shrubs and plants of the roof border. Evening, on silent tiptoes, hovered lovingly above them.

"Jim," said the missionary, breaking the long silence, "how old are you?"

Jim raised his head from his arms wearily. "I am twenty-seven," he answered.

"How long have you been in America?"

"Five years, madam."

"Have you a family, Jim?"

Jim's head dropped as if shot. "Yes."

"Is it about your family you are troubled? Could you tell me all about it?"

Jim straightened up, half resentfully; then he remembered that no woman since he left his mother had been so kind to him as this motherly, foreign woman, and he softened. His black eyes looked straight into her gray eyes for a full minute. Her eyes did not waver; then he decided to trust her as, or even more than, one of his own race.

"I will tell you. When I lived in Japan, I was very drunk man, very bad man to my young wife, very cross man to my baby boy. Drink makes every man a devil. Yes, I very bad man. One day I go to my home. Wife and baby not there; house all empty—just note say my wife gone home to father's house; can't live with bad man any more. I don't care; I free man now. I get mad, drink more stuff; lots women in Japan; cheap, too; get plenty fun with them. After while I get passport come to this country. I don't know how such drunk man can get

passport. I don't know why I want to come here. Maybe I think America great country to get rich in; with lots money have high old times—maybe, I guess that. Anyway, I come. San Francisco had one big earthquake—I don't like that; had enough earthquakes in Japan—so I come Los Angeles. I don't know anybody here, and, of course, first thing I want drink beer or whiskey; so, of course, go to pool hall, you know. Queer, ain't it—so many places for bad friends, only one, two places for good ones. Pool halls, saloons always open; churches always closed—most always. I never see any other kind of America for strange Japanese man till that night mission young folks sing on street. I thought they sing, 'Come to us, Jim; come to us, Jim.' Nobody fine looking say that to Jim before. Nobody before say, 'Jim, be good.' But now I am Christian of this church; I want wife and baby to come over here, and make Christian home like Kimi Ko's."

Jim's voice broke with a sob. He covered his face with his hands. The missionary sat silent, waiting, motionless, thoughtful. Jim resumed: "I write many letters to wife, 'Please come.' Long time no answer come. I wonder maybe she died; maybe her father make her marry some other man over there. Maybe I lost my wife and baby—no answer come at all. I most crazy; but I say, 'Good enough, Jim'—'Mi kara deta sabi' (you are reaping the result of your meanness).

"But again I write; this time to my own mother. Yesterday I got letter from my wife. 'It is very rude to disobey one's husband, but I never go there to live with bad man, Kazuki San, any more. Hon-

ourable First Son shall never see drunken father.' It's just like I murdered my family, Mrs. Friend. What shall I do? I don't know."

Another long pause; the church bells aroused them. "Jim, did you write her you had stopped the drink and gambling? Did you tell her you are a Christian?"

"Yes, I write her all that two, three times, but she don't know meaning of Christian. I think not any Christian yet in my town. I send her money, too. I never sent money before I become Christian. The drink just made me forget them most all time and I didn't care. We have proverb, 'Tsuki yo ni kama nukareru.' Carelessly, I've lost great treasure." (Literally this is, "In the full moon's light I lost the great iron rice pot," a thing only possible to a careless person.)

"Well, cheer up, Jim; we will find some way to get them over. Our pastor, Mr. Iwate, and some of the others, will write your folks and your wife. We'll send the mission paper, with something good about you in it—that paragraph that tells how you took the kindergarten children in the auto to the park; maybe—and we'll send some photographs, too. Maybe she will believe them. Cheer up, Jim; we'll all help you. God will help you, too, and that's best of all."

The months passed—a whole year's procession of them. Jim was almost ready to ship for Japan, as the only way to get his family across. The obdurate little woman refused to be convinced. She was afraid it was all a trick of Jim's to get a housekeeper.

She felt safer in Japan with her boy. She was ambitious for him to be good and great.

Jim prayed and persisted. His confidence that Christ heard his prayers was sublime, inspiring. One week in Japan the family clan assembled to discuss the matter. The regular monthly (to them) generous checks were a strong argument *for* Jim. The family decided the little woman must go. They would send her money to return if Kazuki (Jim is only his American nickname) was tricking her.

As the great ocean liner steamed slowly, almost silently, that glorious morning through the Golden Gate up to the quay, the crowds on the dock called to those on the decks, friend greeted friend. Almost before the hawser was fast or the gang banged down, the eager ones rushed both ways.

A bunch of oriental women were huddled like frightened sheep on the lower deck, and among them a sweet-faced young woman held the hands of an impatient, incessantly chattering little boy.

"See, mother! Look, look, the big ships! The engines, mother—autos!—one, two, six, a hundred, I guess—mother, mother, what queer people! Are they Americans? Mama, will you have to dress like that? Funny, aren't they? Wonder where papa is; do you see papa?"

The little woman never answered a question. She heard not a word. She was eagerly scanning the faces of the crowd for—drunken Jim. What if he had not come to meet them! She dreaded to meet him, yet her heart froze with terror lest he had not come.

At last one attracted her—it might be—no, that

gentleman couldn't be Kazuki San. He seemed to be looking at her and waving his hand. She turned to see if anyone near her answered him—no—then it must be Kazuki. Yes, there he comes across the gang.

"Bo chan"—to the boy—"Here comes papa!"

When they reached Los Angeles nearly all the mission folks were on the depot platform to welcome them in true Japanese fashion.

Jim's wife looked and charmingly expressed her gratitude and pleasure. She liked their kind faces.

Over the deep doorway of the mission were draped the beautiful flags of the setting and the rising sun—flags of the greatest nations of the West and the East. A welcome light shone greetings from every big glass window of the square "Institute" building, and in the clean cafeteria downstairs a wonderful feast was spread for the whole mission family. Had she been a princess, Jim's wife could not have had a happier or more cordial reception. Several times she asked if this were "Horai-kuni" (Fairyland).

Jim had been busy, and around the corner from the Institute he had rented and fitted up a fine little brown bungalow, with a garden and trees all around it. About eleven o'clock the young people escorted the happy Jim and his family to this new home.

"Bo Chan," though he found it difficult to study among so many strange and interesting surroundings, came over and enrolled in the English class the very next day. And in a week's time he had decided the greatest folks in the world were the mission

Japanese pastor and teachers, and he must be *an American* " like them."

One beautiful Lord's Day, Jim and his family were baptized. Then the mission workers knew why Jim had waited so long alone. And Kimi Ko, a most frequent visitor in Jim's home, never leaves before playing with her tiny fingers on the new organ, " He included me," while they all sing heartily, and the wonder of his salvation is ever new to Jim.

They are happy and prosperous now. Mr. Kazuki is, perhaps, the strongest pillar in that Christian church. Certain it is, had we a hundred such men as he, the newly arrived oriental young man would find pool halls and liquor dives run by orientals scarcer than hen's teeth; and, instead of fat, slovenly bar maids, there would be respected wives of Christian men to welcome those who come from the Sunrise Land.

VIII

THE SIGN OF THE SWASTIKA

A Buddhist Temple in Oregon

ONE might pass the Buddhist temple in Portland a hundred times a day, and unless one's eyes were quick to spy the modest Swastika 卍 on the door glass, and the neat gold letters Buddhist Church on the transom, one would never suspect the square brick house of being other than an old-time domicile, or a present-day rooming house; but there it is, a heathen temple on American soil!

Buddhism has many sects. The Swastika is the emblem of the Jo-do sect. It is the most missionary of about forty sects. It is the one that most closely resembles Christianity in its teachings and in its methods of propaganda. In fact, it makes no bones about copying all that suits its purposes. This is the sect that teaches the children in Sunday Schools to sing "Yes, Buddha loves me," and has put electric lights and organs into its temples in Japan. In fact one might call Jo-do the Lutheranism of Buddhism. For on the spot where Ho-nen, its founder, renounced his belief in the 84,000 precepts of asceticism, virtue, agnosticism and atheism, with all its strict demanding of vows and impossible attainments, and made his revolutionary declaration of universal salvation,

at death, into Paradise, by only the wish of it, and the repetition of, and faith in the name of Buddha, on this spot, I say, in Kyoto, city of temples, is built the famous Chion-in temple, of the Jo-do sect, one of the grandest and most magnificent temples in Japan.

Such a welcome received this new promulgation that Emperors and Shoguns eagerly and lavishly supported it. The grand Hongwanji, whose abbots belong to the peerage, and the wonderful, gorgeous Ieyasu shrines at Nikko, familiar to all tourists, and marvelous among the world's architecture, besides many thousands of other temples and shrines, all belong to the Jo-do sect.

Jo-do means "pure-land," or in our words, "paradise" sect. And what the pope of Rome is to Roman Catholicism, that, too, is the abbot of the Hongwanji to Japanese Buddhism—and in America you know Buddhism by the sign of the Swastika on its modern institutional buildings. There is history, meaning and mysticism in the sign 卍.

If I was a Christian girl, nay, if I was any kind of an American girl (because America stands for Christianity) I should not wear the swastika, as a brooch, even though it were made of rarest diamonds. I should shun it even as a trade mark, for to the thousands of Orientals of every Eastern land it has only one meaning, Buddha, exactly as to Westerners the cross has but one meaning, Christ.

Taking it for granted a temple is a public building, we opened the door and walked into a neat little hall, from which a stairway led to the upper stories, a door opened into an office at the end of the hall, while the side of the hall opened widely into a roomy

auditorium, which, except for the Oriental altar decorations, might have been that of a Y. M. C. A. or any Christian mission.

At the opening of the door a dapper Japanese young man met us affably, conducting us into the auditorium, where the priest, entering from the office, greeted us cordially in front of the altar.

We offered our cards, and explained that having been in Japan some time we were now interested in the Japanese in America, and wondered about the progress of their popular religion, Buddhism, in alien soil. Naturally we spoke in English, first, and were not making much headway, until I remarked, "A Buddhist church in America doesn't look much like a Buddhist temple in Japan."

"No," he replied pleasantly, "Our people wear western dress, and live in western ways, so we must have western things, as these nice carpets, curtains and chairs."

"And the altar decorations, too, they are not at all like the elaborate temple altars of the Hongwanji—"

"No," he said, "It is not necessary here, but we have a little image in a shrine, which we exhibit on Buddha's birthday, you know; it is a very precious image, having been brought originally from India. And of course we have relics of Ho-nen, and other noted men of our sect."

"What meetings do you have?" was my next question.

"Oh, like Christians, we have Sunday preachings for elders and Sunday School for children. Some-

times we have week-night meetings for women or men. Oh, yes, and an occasional social."

"And your membership?"

"I don't know exactly, over 500, we count all the Japanese within a hundred miles, there is no other church here. I go wherever our people call me for funerals."

"Are your people very earnest and faithful to the meetings?"

His face fell—"I'm sorry to say, quite indifferent, most of them." This may have been Oriental politeness, knowing we were Christians.

"And the cause of it?" I quizzed again.

"Separation from native land, old homes and old people, old customs and old temples in historical places, nothing in this different land reminds them to keep old ways. There is not even a temple bell to boom the curfew hour," sadly.

(What a chance for the Christian Church!)

"Have you any American members?" was my next question.

"Yes, a few, more will come when our new priest comes soon from Japan. You see, I am here only temporary, until he comes. He is better educated than I, has more authority, is quite a fine man, I am quite sure American ladies will like him. Ladies like to study with such men as he. I am rather too blunt, don't you think?" smiling.

"Oh, no, indeed, you are very cordial."

"Come into the office where we have the easy chairs," he invited. We were talking rapidly in his native tongue, now, it was so much easier, and seemed so much more intimate.

"Then Christianity is not hindering your work at all, is it?"

"No, not at all; the little Christian mission near here has only about thirty-five members, we are very friendly, their pastor and I exchange pulpits, sometimes, and our people mingle freely in socials; they have had no pastor now for a long time, nearly two years, I think; perhaps they have a few children yet in Sunday School, but they have no leader."

(Of course a Christianity so weak as that couldn't hinder anything, I thought, but it seemed queer to me, for thousands of dollars go out of Portland every year to break down Buddhism abroad!)

"You speak English very well, were you educated in the States?"

"Yes, after graduating from a university in Japan, I studied four years in ——— College, here in the States."

"Why!" I exclaimed, shocked, "that is a strong Christian college! Did you study there four years, and still remain a Buddhist—a Buddhist—priest?" (for one becomes a Buddhist priest in childhood).

"Yes, why not?" he questioned in equal surprise.

"Why did you not become a Christian? Were not most of the students Christians?"

"Yes, many Christians. Often I went to church with them. No one knew I was a priest. I talked to some of them, but I could not see any important difference between the two religions. So why change? Only different terms for the same things. And I think the philosophy of Buddha is deeper—you know we orientals love deep philosophy, it is better for us—"

"But there is no resurrection in Buddhism!"

"But is that so important?" he inquired lightly. "Since we both have paradise after death, in another incarnation, what's the difference? By either route, Christian or Buddhist, we attain the same end. I think it is not a difference of religion, after all, but a difference of people, Christianity is better, perhaps, for Westerners, and Buddhism for Easterners—"

"Oh! no, you don't understand the heart of Christianity, the resurrection is most important. It gives us a living Christ, who is coming again, and we have salvation now, we need not wait for death, if we believe—" (I just wanted to cry—Oh! if they hadn't taken so much for granted when he was in college, it wouldn't be so hard now).

Then the young man came in with the tea tray.

As the priest poured famous Uji tea into exquisite old Satsuma bowls, and served us with dainty, thin rice cakes, from a Kutani plate, he laughed toward his assistant, but added to us:

"Perhaps it is that our way is easier that we prefer it, so that after we say our prayers we can play as we like, and drink—"

"No, no," I cried, "It is too easy, Christ said we must 'take up our cross—'"

A caller was announced, as he arose to meet him he added to us, "Did you see in the paper of the opening of our new church in Los Angeles? We have a very grand building and equipment there, and many ministers—you see we use your nomenclature in your country. On our opening day we invited the British consul, and the mayor of Los Angeles, and

many leading citizens, and had special music, like your churches, costing much money."

"Did the British consul and the mayor attend the opening?" I asked, quickly.

"I'm sorry, the consul sent a representative and the mayor his regrets and best wishes—which to our people, you know, is recognition just the same." He knew what I was thinking, and he was triumphant.

"And your membership in Los Angeles, is it large?"

"Thousands—and plenty of money—we have everything—as we will have here some day—kindergartens, athletics, reading rooms, dormitory, baths, music, sewing, oh, everything! And I think Americans will appreciate our easier way, don't you?" smiling.

Cordially we were invited to visit him whenever in the city, and he promised to look us up whenever in our town.

As we left, my friend remarked that though this was her first impression of Buddhism, she thought it seemed easier than "the teachings of science, falsely so-called," and maybe there *was* something in the story of the little boy recently going the rounds of our church papers.

"Mama," said a little Los Angeles boy, "isn't that a heathen temple?"

"Yes, son, it is."

"But American people are going in there, don't they know any better?"

"No, son (sadly), they don't know any better—"

"Well we must teach them better, we can't have Americans becoming heathens, can we?"

"Oh, son, that's just the trouble, they won't go where they will learn better—"

"If they'd just come to my Sunday School, my teacher would tell them, she knows all about it—but if they won't come—mama, shall we ask the missionaries to stay right here? It's awful, mama, why they *sell* little children in heathen countries—Oh, mama, we can't let America get heathen." Then after a pause, "*Mama, does Jesus know that somebody let heathen temples get into America?*"

And, I am told that it is mostly the rich and idle women who prefer a dead Buddha to a living Christ. A Buddha who so despised women that he wouldn't be born as an ordinary child, but killed his own mother by his unnatural birth. Him they prefer to the Christ who was his mother's intimate friend, and even on the cross loved and provided for her. Those silly women prefer a Buddha who said that woman is dirty and sinful, and has no more brains than a cow; to the Christ who said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Well, come to think of it, I guess Buddha was right when it comes to brains *in the women who prefer him.*

And another thing I heard was that our Buddhist friends, in pity for the poor Christian missions, were sending Christmas gifts to the little children. Is it a disinterested pity? It is hard to bite the hand that feeds a child.

My ancestors were closely related to the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, and my soul was stirred within me at the indifference of our present-day Christians, who permit this apparently friendly religion such liberty on our shores.

Don't you remember the Pilgrims came to build up homes where the true God, Jehovah, might be worshipped without the appurtenances of idolatry, as represented by altars, images, candles, rituals, priests and ceremonials? But so far have we forgotten, that not only the "appurtenances" of idolatry, but idolatry itself, a religion which violates both the first and the second commandments, has taken such root on our western coast (and in some other places) that it claims not simply "all the Japanese" but many other nationals, and some Americans, also!

What is the first commandment of the ten, and what is the second? And what is their counterpart in Jesus' words?

And what did God do to the Israelites who "winked" at the idolatry in their land?

And what is the warning to those who tolerate false teaching in their midst—in the "Letters to the Churches," in Revelation?

The members of the Christian churches in America give hundreds of thousands of dollars (God bless them) to send missionaries to kill these same religions abroad,—is it easy to send some one else? But what shall they do, DO, about the hundreds of fast multiplying heathen temples within her borders, and the hundreds of fads called religion, but which are only Satan's propaganda camouflaged under high sounding or mystic nomenclature? "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and popular, too."

Who shall rule America, Christ, or Buddha?

Just outside your church door is the sign of the Swastika, what will YOU do about it?

IX

THE CRY OF A CHILD

A Marriage Mix-up

I WAS waiting in the parlour of a "Japanese Woman's Home" in a coast city, when a child upstairs began to cry.

"A babe with no language but a cry," sang my heart, echoing some name-forgotten songster—and I listened what might be the *language* of this particular cry.

It was the low, sobbing cry of the neglected babe; the lonesome child who must "go to bed by day"—but, unable to sleep, endures his all-alone-ness heroically until the wailing sobs just ooze out of his suffering soul. There were long pauses between the sobs; he was listening for the footsteps of relief—he was trying hard not to cry, poor child. Oh, yes, I knew it was a boy. I guessed him about three years old. In life's orchestra my part has been a "traps" player, but motherhood is my major instrument. I ached all over to cuddle this unseen laddie.

Not a soul but me seemed to hear him. The matron of the home was busy over her own affairs in the kitchen—she had only arrived from New England three days before, and was travel-soiled and weary, just now she was drying her hair. The woman I had called to see had left the Home weeks

before, but was coming in answer to my telephone. I was alone—the boy was alone.

The crying stopped, a door upstairs opened cautiously; then slowly, very slowly, down one step at a time—long, listening, pauses on each step—came the child.

Between the parlour and the hall was only half a partition. The child was well into the room before he discovered me. The advantage was mine.

Long experience with wee stranger Japanese children had taught me to let them make the first advances in international friendship—lest the great size and "green" eyes of the American woman frighten them into absolute silence or screaming terror.

So I sat like a sphinx as the boy came hesitatingly into the room. His surprise when he saw me was tragic. Like a marble child he stood, his great, black, solemn eyes studied my face. I returned his stare, trying to look kind—it's a difficult expression for *most* American women—and I hope I succeeded better than a tourist who once visited our kindergarten in Japan. She loved children, and of course she couldn't speak Japanese, nor they English, so she just smiled and smiled—and though I thought she had a beautiful smile, *they* thought she was making ugly faces at them, and cried.

Boy-kins slowly came to my knees, still staring. Quiet I sat, now quite interested in something outside the window. When two little fat hands were cautiously laid on my knees I turned and looked again into his eyes, and slowly, lightly, as one holds a canary bird, I put one hand over his with just the hint of a caress in it.

When he did not snatch his hands away I spoke very soft and slow, asking his name—and so we were friends, the lonely child and me.

Soon he was playing gaily on the floor with a broken tin horse, yet with frequent, quick glances from the corners of his eyes, just to be sure my interest in his interests was sincere and sustained. Ah, what psychologists children are!

The Japanese woman for whom I was waiting came in. The child jumped up quickly, rapturously greeting her as if she had been his mother. Once she had lived a month in the home.

Our business settled, I said, "Now please tell me about this boy—why is he here alone—the matron seems to know nothing about the history of this place, nor does she know this child?" She began:

"Some kind soul with a sure vision of the needs of Japanese women in a foreign land built this Home, hoping it would be mightily used as a place where working women would find rest, recreation and a Christian life. Where women out of work would *feel* at home until they found work again, paying for food only, or not at all, as they desired, after they were at work again; where unfortunate girls could be brought back to respectable lives; where unprotected girls would be protected; where working mothers would leave their little ones till the day's work was done; where orphaned children would find a mother, and little children friends and proper play. It was a beautiful Christlike vision. But Christ's business must have practical human engineers to bring to pass the visions of dreamers."

For lack of the "engineers," the day I called the

lonely child was the only occupant of that great house (Home?), except the three-days'-old matron, busy with her hair—and there are over five thousand Japanese in this city!

The child—Taro—was born in this city. He is an American citizen, I suppose. His father is an honest Japanese working man, a truck driver, employed by an American firm here. His mother is the daughter of an hotel keeper in Tokyo. She came to America in the usual way of a few years ago. Was married immediately upon landing to the personally unknown man selected for her by the mutual consent of the two families, you know——

But—here is the tragedy of it—not even the coming of the child—a *boy*—the father's delight, could bind the young mother's heart to the good husband, nor to the cosy little home, nor to the baby himself, —because—she had met a certain *so-called* American man.

This man kept a little grocery store near their home. *He* knew she was married, knew her husband well, because his accounts were always promptly paid in person—and he sent her a dollar's worth of sugar, a dozen oranges and a box of chocolates the day the baby was born. They weren't the first presents she had had from him, either—more's the pity.

When her visits to the store, during her husband's absence at work, became so frequent and conspicuous as to set the neighbours' tongues wagging, the husband quietly protested—first with her, then with the grocery man. Patiently he pleaded with them for the child's sake. It was too late.

One evening she left the sleeping babe beside his sleeping father, and she never returned.

Broken-hearted, for he truly loved her, the Japanese husband went to the store and again pleaded patiently with her—then with the man—only to be laughed at, and ordered out of the store.

Later, to cover her sin, he divorced her, and the boy came to live here in the Home. His father usually comes to see him Sundays. Some day he will find a stepmother for his boy. He will not be in a hurry. His hurt is too deep, and there are but a scant few *single* Japanese women over here, so it may not be until Taro has grown too big to cry, sobbing, when left alone to sleep in the daytime—while the new matron—who is not a mother—indifferently washes her hair.

As for the mother and the American, they are keeping a boarding house in the city miles from here. The store is in other hands. She never comes to see the boy.

"Are they married?" I asked. The story teller shrugged her shoulders, "I hope so, perhaps the court-house records will show, but," with a queer look—"do you suppose *such* an American man would think it necessary to protect the virtue of a mere *Japanese* woman?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied. "I presume he would know it was necessary to obey the laws of the land."

"Perhaps they have, they seem happy, I am told, and two years have passed, and the new baby is a girl——"

She began playing again on the floor with little

Taro. One could see his wonder that there were no smiles in her face.

Then I asked, "Do you think there are many such inter-racial marriages?"

"No, indeed! very, very few. But among our own people who marry according to our old Japanese customs, unacquainted with each other, there are numerous misfits over here and quite some restlessness. Consequently there is quite a bit of divorce and remarrying—all legal, if necessary, but quite troublesome. So there may be some 'without the benefit of the law.'"

"Is there no remedy?" I whispered.

"Oh, yes," she smiled, "Christ in their hearts."

X

ESTHER WANTS TO GO HOME

THE staunch little steamer *Atsuta Maru* was dizzily nosing her way from Seattle to Yokohama. It was mid-winter, head winds had been terrific several days. When one looked out the ports nothing could be seen but glowering gray clouds close overhead and growling gray seas, uncannily white capped, tossing towards us. Even the gulls which had hovered like friendly fairies on fairer days, had disappeared.

No one went on deck but a few Russians returning to—they knew not what. Even their stay outside was limited to "three times around for a smoke."

There were no children in the first-class cabins. And fewer than a dozen adults—winter is not a favourite time for tourist travel. The first class must have had dull days indeed.

But in the second-class dining saloon was the real life of the ship. Here was a cosmopolitan crowd and a democratic one.

On this particular day—as on most days of the eighteen across—a little American girl of ten years —she had had her tenth birthday the fifth day out from land! Fancy a birthday on a steamboat a thousand miles from land!—sat at the piano. She had played all her brief repertoire, including numerous improvisions, and now was twirling around on the

stool. Her audience had deserted her for the Victrola run by a Jewish girl of fourteen. The last record had been played.

"What shall we do next?" While they are discussing it I'll tell you about them.

There is one American boy twelve years old, brother of the little girl at the piano—his head is in a book most of the time, when he is not investigating the ship with some of the crew. There is another Jewish girl and little boy, sister and brother to the one of the Victrola; two tiny Russians, and *eight Japanese children, born in America.* That last phrase, born in America, is the hook on which hangs this tale. The American boy and girl were born in Japan, the Jews in China, of Polish-Russian-Jewish parents, and the Russian children in Canada! The American children and the Jews were going *home;* the Japanese, though booked for Japan, were going to a foreign land. *English was the only language used by all.* It was the birth tongue of the Americans; for its acquirement had the Jews been living in America a few years, and that it might be supplemented by the tongue of their parents were the Japanese children being sent to Japan.

Of the Japanese children Esther Teru Nakato was the leader. Esther was also ten years old. She and two younger brothers were going alone, in charge of the "second-class" steward—a friend of the family—to grandfather's home in Yamaguchi Province in interior Japan. The other Japanese children were younger and were with their parents—as also were the Russians.

Now rollicking games of tag, and "hide the

spoon" (kindly loaned by the interested steward), and "button, button," have been finished, and again, "What shall we do next?" is the question. Some of the older ones are hunting their few story books, already almost known by heart—when in comes the doctor—"Oh, doctor, doctor, tell us a story—please—please, pretty please——"

The doctor is a big, handsome Japanese who has been studying and practicing medicine in Portland for five years. He is on his way home now to build and manage the very first Christian hospital in his native province in north Japan. The young wife he had left a bride will be at Yokohama to meet him. I wonder how happy they will be together—he with his western dress and ways and taste for western food, and she—a child of old Japan—for north Japan is still almost untouched by foreign ways. The doctor, however, is the product of a Christian school of Sendai.

"Oh, ha! ha! A story is it? Well, turn about is fair play, sing me a song, then I'll tell you a story." Already he looked like a modern picture of Jesus blessing the children. The Japanese tots were on his lap, the American girl with her hand on his shoulder, the older Jewess clasping his arm which encircled her little sister and brother—and all the others crowded as close up as possible.

"Sing a song? What shall we sing?"

Esther Teru Nakato settled it by beginning in a clear, high soprano the chorus, "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding Into the Land of My Dreams;" the others joined in—they all knew that chorus, though they fell down on the verses.

Next followed "Star-Spangled Banner"—the boys standing at "attention"—one verse only. Then "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know——," but alas! the Jews couldn't sing that. Then the doctor said, "Now sing a Japanese song."

"We don't know any," they chorused.

"No, of course you white children don't, but let the Japanese sing Momotaro, or Masashige, or Kimi ga Yo——"

"But we don't know them," said Esther and her brothers.

"Don't know them, impossible, Japanese have sung these hundreds of years!" cried the astounded doctor.

There was an audience now of stewards who had come in to set the tables for afternoon tea, and the mothers returned from a visit to the sick baby in the steerage. There is close communication between second and third class on the Pacific steamers—but first class is a far-away, unseeing heaven. Second-class passengers are not permitted in first-class apartments—though first class may go wherever it wishes.

"Esther, can't you sing Kimi ga Yo? I'll help you. It is your national song"—and the American mother began to sing——

"No, I don't know it at all; I've heard it a few times."

Little six-year-old Hanako (from the third class) piped in, "I can sing it if you'll help me"—and she did.

Still incredulous, the doctor insisted, "Surely, Esther, you learned that, you have only forgotten."

"No."

"Where did you go to school?"

"To the public school, of course, and to the mission Sunday School in Seattle."

"Well, of course you wouldn't learn it at either of those places—but in your home, didn't your parents teach you?"

"No, no, they didn't," now asserted her brothers. "They wouldn't let us *talk* Japanese hardly, that's why we've got to go to Japan now—we couldn't write Japanese letters to our grandfolks. We were too American to suit them."

"Well, since most of us will live in Japan for several years, let's learn it now. We'll sing it three times, then I'll tell you a story"—this last was added when he saw frowns gathering—then he laughed, "You must obey the doctor's orders!"

The invincible spirits of three nations burst forth—though what they sang none knew—and the song was soon done. Then——

"Once upon a time lived an old man and an old woman, and they had no children. One day the old man went to the woods to cut fagots, and the old woman went to the river to do the week's washing, and"—the doctor's voice rocked off with the motion of the boat into the fairy land of long ago——

The stewards, busy between pantry and tea table, walked on tiptoe—until the men passengers coming in for tea broke up the party for that day. Only that day was as were all the days of the second class, except for the interruption about the Japanese songs.

* * * * * * * *

"You mean old thing, I won't either." It was

Esther's voice screaming across the corridor from the dining saloon one evening after dinner.

"Yes, you will, I know your grandmother." It was the voice of the steward—her temporary guardian.

"You will have to wear a kimono——"

"I tell you I won't, I hate kimonos, they aren't decent! Mama said so!"

"And you can't have any lace-trimmed white skirts, either, with a kimono——"

"I tell you I won't wear a kimono, I'll tear it up. I'll wear my American clothes."

"And you will put your pretty shoes and stockings away in a box and never see them again. You'll wear wooden clogs that go thump, thump, clump, clump!"

"I won't," and the pretty patent leathers stamped hard on the ship's sand scrubbed floor. "I guess I know what I'll wear!"

"And you can't have any pie—or ice cream—or sundaes—or——"

"You're telling fibs!"

"It's God's truth—they don't have 'em in Japan." "And you won't be called 'Esther,' either——"

"I will."

"You won't. Early in the morning, five or six o'clock, your grandma's voice will call in the dark, shut-up house:

"'Teru, Teru, get up and open the amado, build the fire, and bring water from the well,' and if you don't bound up out of those bedclothes quicker, you'll be scolded and called a useless, lazy, foreign child, bako-ijin-ko."

TASHI-KO IN KIMONA

"It's not true. I know it's not true. Esther is my name. I like it best. She's got to call me that. I won't be a Japanese. I'm *not* a Japanese. I was born in America. I don't care if she does say, 'Ijinko,' I'm not baka."

The steward laughed heartily——

"But she *can't say* Esther. She can't talk one word of English. And what will she care for your baptism? She'll make you pray to the Buddha in her house every morning as soon as you've washed your face *and mouth.*"

"Never!" and the shoes stamped harder than ever, and the long, black braids of Esther's hair flopped defiantly. But Esther stood there fascinated. She hated the steward with her whole soul for talking that way. She didn't want to believe him—and yet—some other things she had heard on the ship made her fear there might be some truth in his teasing.

Now she screamed, "Anything more, you mean old thing?"

"Oh, yes, lots more. Where do you suppose you'll sleep, you and the boys? In nice little white iron beds, with white spreads on them, and soft pillows; in little bedrooms by yourselves, as in America? Oh, no, my girlie; no, indeed! At night some big, fat, heavy comforts you will have to drag from the big living-room closet and spread them on the floor, all in a row; comforts for grandpa, comforts for grandma, the boys, and yourself—and there you will sleep, 'tit, tat, toe, all in a row,' covered up by other big fat comforts—summer and winter alike—and

your pillow will be a little bag stuffed stiff with buckwheat hulls."

"Maybe that's so—mother did say we'd have to sleep on the floor—she said it would be hot in the summer—but she didn't say 'all in one room.'"

"And there's more yet—the bath. You'll have to carry water from the community well every evening to make grandpa's bath at five o'clock. There'll be buckets and buckets to carry, and your back will ache, but it's the *duty* of a Japanese girl your age, where there's no servant. And you'll have to build the fire in the bathtub pipe, and perhaps you'll have to give grandpa his bath. Anyway you'll be the last one to have a bath, after all the others have used the same water—unless you all go in the tub together, if it's a big one. Oh, you needn't look shocked, didn't your mother tell you that's the regular thing?"

"No, she didn't—she never heard of such a thing!"

"Don't you believe that. She was brought up just that way, exactly—maybe she's forgotten it now, but listen, there's one thing more, you little spitfire.

"You'll go to school where *all* the children are Japanese who've never left their town—and because you'll talk different and act different they will laugh at you, and call you a foreign fool—and——"

"I'll fight 'em if they do—they won't dare!"

"Ha! ha! no you won't. Japanese *girls* don't fight, neither do they talk back——"

"I won't go to their old school. I tell you I won't go to Japan at all, it's horrid. I'm going back to Seattle on this ship, I'll not leave it—you'll see.

Boo-hoo (crying now), I want to go home. Where is my home?"

"No, your grandfather will meet you at Kobe, perhaps at Yokohama, and you'll go right out into the country—and you'll never see a white face again as long as you live—and you'll have to become a gentle Japanese girl. Everything will be just as I've told you. You'd better not get mad at me. You'd better be glad I told you. I'm wondering what your grandmother will say and do when she sees what she's up against changing a wild columbine into a tame chrysanthemum. It's sick of her job she'll be."

Poor Esther was crying now, "I want-to-go-back-to Seattle. I want my mama. I—I—hate you. I want my home."

"I've taken a lot of them back to the old country, but you are really the wildest one yet—though most of them act up a good deal when I've told them the truth. I suppose their folks tell 'em, but the kids don't listen till they're up against it."

"If there was a missionary anywhere near to help the kid out a bit—but there isn't one that I know of within two hundred miles of her grandad's town. Poor kid. I had to tell her. I'll just ask the American woman across the corridor to look after Esther a bit—maybe she can get the old folks to put her in a mission school—that's a sort of half-and-half institution."

"It won't be half bad for the boys, the old folks expect them to be lively and to have their own way."

The American woman across the corridor decided now was the time for her to interfere. The steward

had done his duty, and though his method was rough, his motive was altogether kind. It was near midnight when poor Esther cried herself to sleep. She would not be comforted since the woman said the steward had told the truth.

She quite agreed that if possible the child should be put in a mission school. But they could not promise that to Esther. The grandparents probably would scornfully reply to such a request, "Didn't we bring up these children's father—and five besides, of our own, are we not therefore capable of bringing up our own grandchildren?"

Esther must decide to be good, to try to adapt herself to the new life, and to patiently pray every day to be made happy and useful.

* * * * * * * *

"Don't you think we ought to sight Mt. Fuji to-day?" asked the passengers of each other. "Yes, we ought, but we will not, it's too foggy."

"It's been a dreadful trip. I've crossed four times before, and never saw such a sea as this."

"We've not landed yet, either; there's such a swell on—must be we've caught the tail end of a typhoon——"

"Tail end! I should say we've had the whole thing. When did we see the sun last? Three—four days ago?"

"It sure is unusual for the Pacific, I'll tell the world."

"Aren't you afraid?" asked one of the mothers.

"No, I'm not afraid—not until the ship's officers begin to look scared," replied another. "But just the same I didn't undress last night——"

"My! what was that?"

With a great shock the ship seemed to reel. Immediately came a second shock.

"Oh, oh!"

"Oh, I guess they're shunting baggage," said one of the men—getting ready to land to-morrow."

Then came the third terrific shock. The boat shivered, quivered, leered to one side—and stopped dead still. The wash of the waves against her sides was ghostly in the thick silence. Not a passenger stirred nor spoke for a second—then a pandemonium of cries burst forth. Stewards sprang from everywhere. "It's all right, all right—we've just stopped her a bit. Stay right where you are," they shouted.

"But the children——" Almost the words were not out of the mother's mouth when every child was clinging to its own mother. Some mothers were white and still—some were almost wild with dread.

Then came the second order. "Get up on deck ready to land immediately. Don't go into your cabins for anything, the stewards will get your things. Don't get scared. Everything's all right."

The fog was so thick one couldn't see the ship's length away.

"Going to land—where's the land?" cried the older children. "I don't see land."

"Hush, I guess the captain knows all about it," said one mother. "All we have to do is to obey orders, and land if he says so, whether there's land or not."

"Don't budge," called a father, "I'll bring some wraps."

Even while he spoke, what was everyone's sur-

prise to see the ship almost surrounded with a great fleet of flat-bottomed fisher boats. Then they remembered the fog horn—and other signals unnoticed before—because so familiar in a fog at sea.

The staunch little steamer was on a rock of a reef where other good ships had struck before. But no lives were ever lost here. The fearless fishermen are always alert during a storm, and are a wonderful life-saving crew, with their hundred unsinkable flat-bottomed boats.

"Oh, Oh," screamed Esther, rushing wildly from one woman to another, as the men began clambering up the boat. "Oh, I'm so afraid. Oh, those awful men. What shall I do? Oh, mama, mama, I want to go home."

The American mother caught her and held her tight, "Esther, be quiet, where are your brothers? Where is the doctor?"

"Brothers are with the steward. He sent me up to you."

"I wish doctor would come, he is so strong and can handle you so well. But you stay here with daughter and me. Don't cry so. See, daughter isn't crying——" No, but as the mother looked into her daughter's face she thought it might be better for her to cry, it was so tense and white and still.

"But I must cry. Oh, those big, ugly men; don't they look fierce?"

"No, Esther, they are only fishermen; they are very kind. Why, my children and I have had lots of lovely rides with just such men in just such boats. No one could be kinder."

"But they're almost naked——"

"Of course, the better for their work. Don't scream so, child. They shall not touch you——"

"Oh, I want to go home. I want——"

"Esther, you must stop. These are Japanese men, child—your own countrymen. I'd trust myself anywhere with these northern fishermen."

The men were now swarming on deck. Two went up on the captain's bridge. After a second's parley they came down, and almost by magic the boats below were ranged in order and the passengers descending by the "gang" ladder into them, as if this was the usual way of landing in Japan—as it had been thirty years ago.

"Where are we?" asked the mother, when she and Esther and some others were being pulled away from the ship.

"Off the Dog-rock lighthouse," replied the man.

"Oh, that's where the *Dakota* and an Empress boat struck, isn't it—years ago?"

"Yes,—and look now, will you, there isn't a shred of fog anywhere! Did you ever see such a strange thing? Ten minutes ago it was thick enough to cut. We couldn't see the ship's length. Now look, a clear sky, the morning sun, and close by the beautiful land—the beautiful, beautiful shore!"

"There's the lighthouse!" shouted a boy. "Why didn't we see the light—maybe the ship wouldn't have struck."

"Fog too thick, I suppose."

"Captain said ship was forced out of her course by the swell—and he couldn't take bearings because no sun."

"Even if he had, the swell was against him," added the doctor, who was now with them.

On the beach a great throng of villagers waited—curious and eager. Men and women tucked up their kimonos and waded up to their hips to carry the children ashore from the boats. The American children leaped, shouting, onto their backs—at home. The Jews, seeing no harm befell them, went more quietly, but poor Esther shrank and clung hysterically to the white mother. "Oh, I can't go—they shan't touch me—but the doctor put her on the broad back offered for her—and she, too, was taken ashore.

The great Buddhist temple of the village was thrown open for the crowd—it was the only large building there. Soon great pots of rice were boiling. Food was brought from the ship, too——

And this was Esther's introduction to her *native land*. There were many interesting things in the temple—especially the preparations being made for a new crop of silkworms in the spring. But the child was indifferent to it all.

When the snowy rice balls, hot and good, were so kindly offered the shipwrecked ones, Esther stamped her—stockinged—feet (the slippers were outside the door) and refused to eat; "the nasty things," she said, because she had seen half-naked men and women patting them into balls in the temple kitchen. Clean they were—and gratefully eaten by the others.

In the evening rescue ships took them all on to Yokohama.

The steward had telegraphed Esther's grandfather,

and until he came they would be in the home of the steward's friend there. Reluctantly the Americans told her and the brothers good-by—and soon all the passengers were scattered—as is the way with every boat-load.

* * * * * * * *

On a packed street car in Osaka, Esther's oldest brother spied an American man. He was a Y. M. C. A. man, and had been teaching English to Osaka students for several years, but he nearly lost his grip on the strap when accosted with,

"Hello, mister, I'm jolly glad to see you!"

Introductions followed, and explanations.

"I'm going to a middle school here—it's mighty hard. I don't know how to say things in Japanese—writing's worse. The kids all laugh—of course I'm bigger than most of them. I've got their goats in English—but I'll be glad when this term's over, then I'll hike back to good old U. S. A.," said Esther's brother.

"Dad thought I'd stay two years at least, but two weeks was enough for me."

"So you prefer U. S. A., do you? I wonder why?"

"Say, man, you know why. A kid's got a chance there, and a decent home. Say, are there any American kids in this old town? I'd like to talk American once in a while. I nearly burst when I saw you."

"Sure, I know just *two* American boys about your size in this whole city. Here are their addresses (he wrote them on a card), they'll be glad to see you.

Here's my stop. Call around at the Y. M. C. A. and we'll get acquainted. Where do you live?"

"I live at a dorm in Tanemachi. I made it so hot for the old folks they can't stand me—call me 'oni no ko' (devil's child); ha! ha! Yes, thanks, I'll be around. So long."

"So long."

When the boy looked at the cards after the "Y" man had left the car, he jumped up and shouted "Hooray!" One name was that of the American boy who had been shipmate with him on the *Atsuta Maru.*

He immediately changed cars and made his call. After supper he said to the mother, as he shook her hand good-by, "Thank you, this seems just like home." Before he left, in answer to her inquiries about Esther, he said, "You bet it is awful hard on Esther, down there at grandad's. She cries every day, and grandma scolds and scolds; they don't get on at all."

"Brother? Oh, he's all right, he's little, you know, and everything seems so new and funny to him. They pet him a lot. He's forgot all his English—talks Jap all the time. Course that pleases them. But Esther and me—we'll never be Japanese, we just can't. Dad wrote me I could go back to Seattle when I've finished middle school. He supposes I'll be able to write a decent letter in Japanese then, and read the Japanese newspapers—that's all he wants—it's to help me in business, you know. But I'm not going to wait for that. I'm going back when this term is out. Don't see how *you* can stand

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it out here either, Bud, it's not *your* country," turning to the boy.

"Can't, hardly," confessed the American boy, "got to for awhile, for the folk's sake. I'll go back when I'm ready for High School. My brothers all did——"

"And say, Bud, we're not the only rebels either. Did you know *seven* of the Japs who crossed with us have gone back already? I saw the steward last time the *Atsuta* was in—Oh, I don't mean the *Atsuta,* of course, but it's our old steward. He always wires me when he's in port. We'll go see him together next time—eh, Bud?"

"Well, those fellows, some of them, said they would stay at least two years—some thought they might stay for life—and they're all back in Seattle. Now, what do you know about that!"

"Oh, it's America for me," they chorused together.

"I wonder," interrupted the mother, "if your grandfather would let Esther live with us and go to school where I teach. It would be more like home for her to be with us. If you'll give me the address I'll write him. I wrote Esther once, but the letter was returned unclaimed."

The result was that grandfather himself arrived with Esther—post haste—and the change was made. Still it was hard for Esther in school. It was hard to study and think in Japanese. A dozen or more girls in the school wore American clothes, so Esther was not conspicuous now, and the hated kimono was discarded.

She was very helpful in the house, because she had been used to just such things and such customs

in Seattle. And how she enjoyed the American food. The poor girl was half starved, she wouldn't try to like the Japanese food because of its peculiar odours —delicious though it might be to others.

Great times the two little girls had together, too. Perhaps the little American sister—to laugh and chatter with in English—was the chief cause of Esther's contentment after all. As she grew older she helped in the Mission Sunday School and kindergarten. Sometimes the mother took both girls to a factory meeting—so they could realize how happy and free their lives were, and how hard some girls worked, and how limited were their lives in order to make pretty cloth for more favoured sisters.

About three months after her brother's discovery of his shipmates both boys had joyously returned to America, both fathers having decided it the safest thing to do.

So four years passed. Esther graduated—not with honours—it was too difficult. Then came the happy day when she sailed for "home." Seattle was always "home" to her. Her mother came to visit her people and took Esther back with her. After a few weeks at the old home she confessed to the American mother her astonishment that, amid such surroundings, Esther had remained at all in the interior home. But the little son—"Oh, he is a thorough Japanese, he belongs to the old folks, he has no desire to leave them, environment is stronger than blood with the little child."

That was in April. In October came invitations to a grand wedding in a Seattle church, between Esther and the superintendent of a Japanese bank

there. The letter which followed at Christmas time made glad the hearts in Japan.

"American mother, dear, I am so happy, so happy now I have a real home in my home land, and I have such a good husband, too. He was born in Seattle, and graduated from W. S. U., so we are happy together. I told him about my home with you. Some day we shall visit you, just a day or two. I couldn't stand a long time in Japan. How can you do so? Oh, I know, it is to help our Japanese girls see bright side of life—as you did me. Thank you, mother. You will be glad I am teaching in Mission Sunday School here. Oh, I must help Japanese girls, especially the little ones who must go back sometimes.

"When my American sister is ready to come to college, please let her live with us. I have a nice car to take her in every day."

And the American mother was glad, though as she laid the letter down she sighed, "Who knows—but themselves—what these *international children* must suffer, adapting themselves to everything in two such different nations—and yet—how nobly they come through—for Jesus' sake. I'm so glad Esther is truly 'home' at last."

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